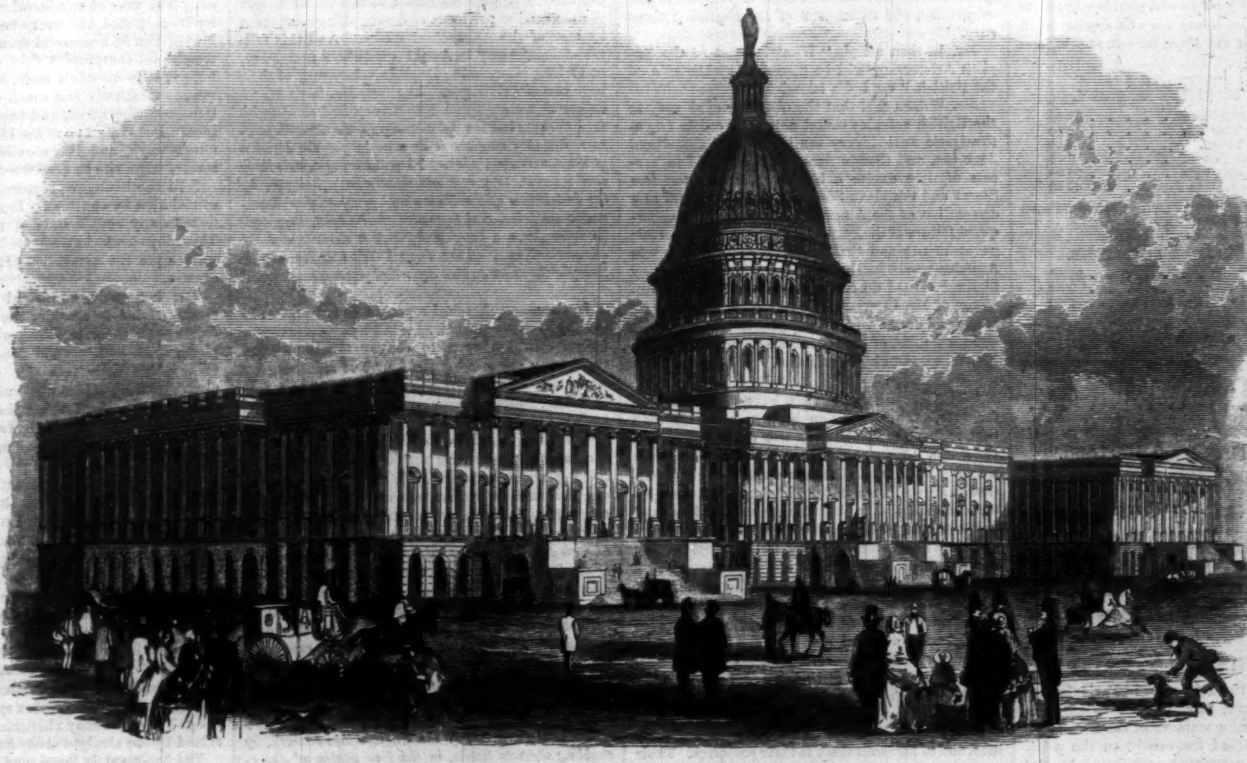
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—NO. 207.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON AND THE CAPITOL.



THE NATIONAL CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

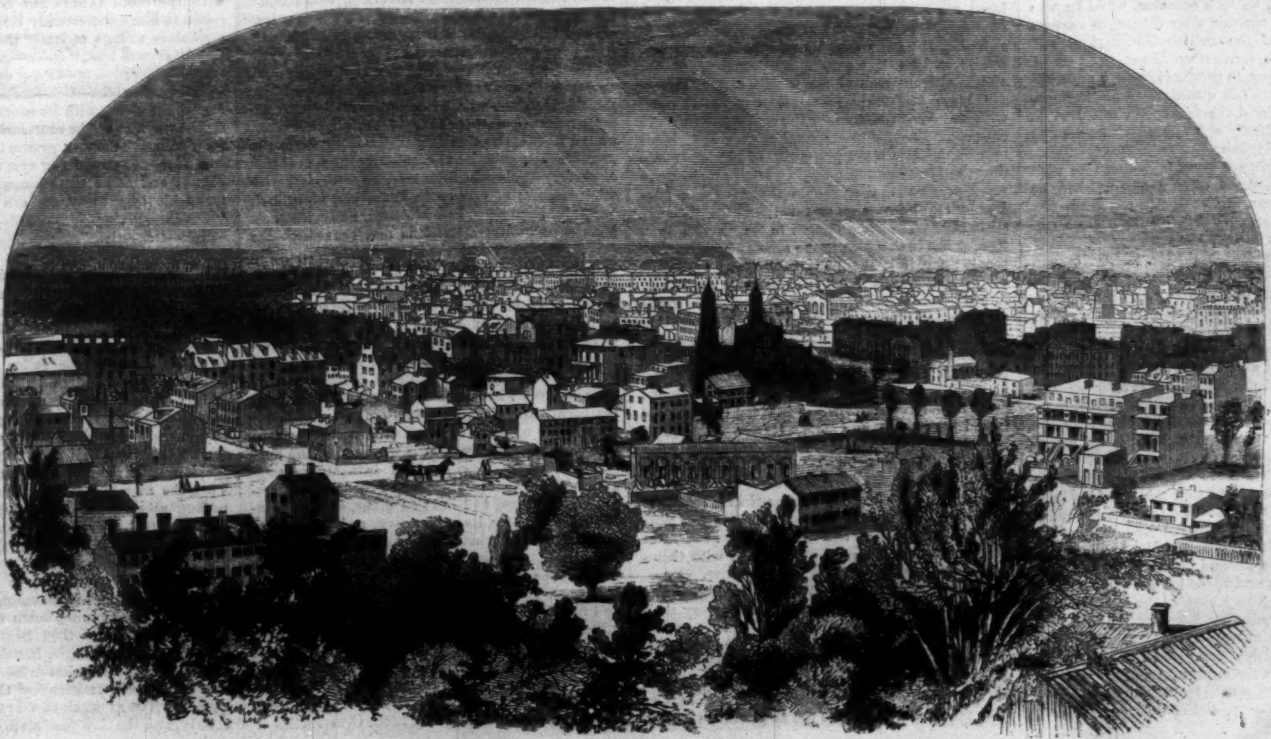
IN view of the momentous discussions which are now going on at the Federal Capital, we publish herewith a general View of Washington City, and a Picture of the Capitol.

The City of Washington stands at the head of tide-water on the River Potomac — 295 miles from the Ocean. It is 60 years old. When the Independence of the United States was established, New York was the Federal Capital. The subject of a permanent seat of Government engaged the early attention of Congress, and for some time a majority was in favor of a site on the Susquehanna. But after a time, the Southern members being unanimously for the border of the Potomac, and the Northern States deeming the location of the Federal seat of Government of less consequence than the assumption of the war debts of the States, it was agreed to accept the ten square miles of land now constituting the District of Columbia, and meanwhile the Government was transferred to Philadelphia. The corner-stone of the Capitol was laid by General Washington in 1793; the Government was removed to Washington in 1800.

In those days it was a dreary place. Mrs. Adams wrote that she was obliged to have fires going all summer to keep off the chills; and some members of Congress were so disgusted with the spot that they were with difficulty persuaded to attend during the session. The environs have changed, too. In those days Georgetown carried on a brisk trade with London and Liverpool, and Bladensburg was a considerable exporter of tobacco. Now neither place boasts much of its foreign trade. It is said that General Washington, whose plans for the embellishment of the Federal City time is slowly executing, really believed that it would not only be the noblest town on the Continent in respect of architectural glories, but that it would be the site of a large and increasing commerce — *the* sea-port of the nation. He did not share the fears which induced so many other statesmen to dread locating the Government in a commercial city. Time, however, and the energy of the people of Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, have prevented the accomplishment of this destiny. Washington is not, and never will be, a place of any trade. It is a political city. In many respects it is the pleasantest city in the United States. Society is more refined there than in New York, Boston, or Southern cities. All the intellect of the country, and not a little of the beauty and fashion, congregate there every winter. There are other topics of conversation in Washington than dollars and per centages; and with all the tedium and corruption of politics, a relief from the never-changing commercial tone of thought which pervades society in such cities as New York is always acceptable.

As a city, Washington is chiefly famous for its "distances." Miles in Washington are as acres in other cities. Every thing is at least half a league from every thing else; and the consumption of shoe-leather by those who can not hire vehicles is enormous. The idea of General Washington was that the Capitol should be the centre of the city, and that avenues should radiate from it at equidistant points. To complete his plan, Washington should have a million of inhabitants. It has nearly fifty thousand, and a couple of avenues are fairly populated, with a proportionate number of cross-streets. If the Union is preserved, and Washington remains the Capital, a hundred years hence the original scheme may be carried out. At present the view from the dome of the Capitol, as shown in our illustration, is very striking, and gives an exaggerated idea of the size of the city.

Of the Capitol, as we said, the corner-stone was laid on 18th Sept., 1793, by General George Washington: it has thus been 63 years in the course of construction, and is not yet complete. The first architect was Dr. Wm. Thornton; then followed Hadfield, Hobson, Latrobe, and Bulfinch, under the latter of whom the old Capitol was completed. In the last war with England the two wings were ruthlessly destroyed by the invaders. After the peace the work was resumed, and the old Capitol was completed in 1825. The length of this building was 352 feet 4 inches by 121 feet deep. Since then the present extensions, north and south, have been added, and the total length of the building is now 745 feet eight inches. The corner-stone of the south extension was laid by President Fillmore on 4th July, 1851, and an eloquent oration was delivered on the occasion by Daniel Webster. With these extensions the Capitol is one of the noblest and most commodious public edifices in the world. We published a view of it, together with an account of some of the interior work of the extensions, in No. 58 of this Journal. It contains a number of excellent pictures, illustrative of the past history of the country, by Trumbull and other artists; also some beautiful statuary by Crawford and others: but still the work of decoration may be said to be hardly begun. Most of the niches for statues and the spaces for paintings are still vacant. If the Union can be preserved, and the country continue as prosperous as it is, in the course of a generation the Capitol will be,



THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, FROM THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL.

in an artistic point of view, as worthy of the country as it is now in respect of size and architectural perfection.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
AND
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

The Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that *Harper's Magazine* for the ensuing year will contain new Stories

By Thackeray and the Author of "Adam Bede;"

and that in Number 204 (Nov. 24) of *Harper's Weekly* a new Novel by Charles Dickens, entitled

GREAT EXPECTATIONS,

was commenced. Mr. Dickens's Tale will be richly illustrated by John M'Lenan, Esq.

These Works will be printed from the Manuscripts and proof-sheets of the Authors.

☞ Any person who remits Four Dollars to the Publishers will receive both Publications for one year, and will thus provide himself with the best reading of the day, published in a beautiful and attractive style, for a very small sum of money.

☞ *Harper's Weekly* will be sent gratuitously for one month—as a specimen—to any one who applies for it. Specimen Numbers of the *Magazine* will also be sent gratuitously.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00
One Copy for One Year	2 50
One Copy for Two Years	4 00
Five Copies for One Year	9 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year	40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Twelve Subscribers.

TERMS OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Eight Subscribers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 15, 1860.

DISUNION CAUSED BY THE BRITISH ARISTOCRACY.

We present the following important communication to our readers without comment. The writer is known as a gentleman of intelligence and integrity.

A VIEW BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

In the fall of 1853 the writer met in Paris the late Mr. Aaron Leggett, formerly a wealthy merchant in this city, and a member of the Society of Friends. We conversed frequently on the political prospects of our country as affected by the agitation of the Slavery question. Mr. L. said that, when he was a young man, he was an active and zealous member of a Manumission Society, and that he continued to cherish in after life a very compassionate feeling for the poor negroes. At the time of the general emancipation of the slaves in the British West Indies Mr. Leggett's business called him to the city of Mexico, and while residing there he met Deputy Commissary-General Wilson, of the British Army, an agent appointed by the British Government to make the financial arrangements connected with the payment to the West India slaveholders of their portion of the £20,000,000 voted by the British Parliament as a compensation for the forced sacrifice of their property.

Mr. Leggett said that, when he learned Mr. Wilson's errand, he took occasion, while he was sitting with him one day after dinner, to express his admiration of the British Government and the British people, for that noble act, the vote of £20,000,000 sterling, to procure liberty for 800,000 negroes! He gave full utterance to his feelings, and almost exhausted the vocabulary of eulogy to find the commendatory epithets which he applied to England and Englishmen.

"Mr. Wilson did not seem to sympathize with me," said Mr. L., "and when I had finished, he simply turned to me, and said, '*Do you think, Mr. Leggett, that this emancipation of the negroes will prove to be a* WISE *measure?*'"

"Certainly, I replied," said Mr. L. "How can it be otherwise?"

"The cool heads in England," said Mr. Wilson, "do not think that it will be beneficial in its effects on the interests of the people either in the colonies or in the mother country. Nor do I think so. *We think that the freed negroes will do very little work; and that the West India colonies, as to their commercial value to the mother country, will be ruined.*"

Mr. Leggett had been carried away with the representations of the enthusiastic friends of emancipation—that free labor was more productive than slave labor; that when the negroes were free they would receive wages, and that this would stimulate them to raise sugar and coffee in greater quantities; that commerce would feel the benefit of the new impulse to agriculture; that lands would rise in value; that the income of the planters would be increased, etc.; and his ardor was at first cooled by Mr. Wilson's gloomy view of the case.

"After a little reflection, however," said Mr. L., "I continued my eulogy of the British Government and the British people; and I went now further than before in the expressions of my admiration, but I went on a new tack. I said that the enemies of Englishmen, and of their government, were accustomed to represent them as always governed by mercenary considerations, and too willing to sacrifice justice, humanity, and all the virtues, to the lust of gain; but here was a case in which the cool heads that directed the action of the Government deliberately burdened their country with an immense debt, not to open new fields of wealth, but in full prospect of destroying the commercial value of their West India colonies, and of impoverishing the people there, and the proprietors in England—and all from a humane feeling, and a high sense of justice—a high sense of what is due to poor, helpless, down-trodden negro slaves. It was the noblest act recorded in history! I knew of no parallel to it any where."

"When I had finished," added Mr. L., "Mr. W. again turned to me, and said, '*Mr. Leggett, do you really believe that the men who control the action of the British government were led by such motives as you ascribe to them, to sacrifice the commercial interests of their country?*'"

"I replied," said Mr. L., "that if the men who controlled the action of the British government really believed that the abolition of slavery in the British West Indies would end in the commercial ruin of the islands, I could not conceive of any other motive for their conduct than the noble one which I had assigned."

"'Well, Mr. Leggett,' said Mr. W., 'you may believe this, but I do not. *I believe that the action of the British government is made to promote, as far as possible, the* INTERESTS *of the English Aristocracy.*'"

Mr. L. then asked, "What interest of the English Aristocracy will be promoted by the ruin of the British West India islands?"

Mr. Wilson said that the abolition of slavery in the British colonies would naturally create an enthusiastic anti-slavery sentiment in England and America, and that in America this would in process of time excite a hostility between the free States and the slave States, which would end in a dissolution of the American Union, and the consequent failure of the grand experiment of democratic government; and that the ruin of Democracy in America would be the perpetuation of Aristocracy in England.—I do not undertake to give the language of Mr. Leggett, but the following paraphrase conveys, in my own language, the impression made upon my mind of the course of reasoning by which Mr. W. came to his conclusion.

"The English Aristocracy have ruled England for ages. Their position is more enviable than that of any similar class in any other country on the globe. They rule the wealthiest empire in the world. Their landed estates embrace a large portion of all the lands in the kingdom; and these estates are entailed in their families. The House of Lords is composed exclusively of the Aristocracy; and they have such influence in the elections that the members of the House of Commons are to a great extent the near relatives of the Lords. Offices of honor and power, and sinecure offices with large incomes, in the Church, the Army, the Navy, the Colonies, at Foreign courts, and in all the departments of Home government, are in their gift, and can be bestowed at their pleasure, upon their relatives and friends. They have inherited these privileges from their ancestors, and their great aim, their ruling desire, is to retain them in their families, and to transmit them to their posterity. Their control of the public press, and of all the fountains of popular opinion and sentiment in England, has enabled them to impress the minds of the great body of the middle classes there with the belief that the English Aristocracy, with its powers and privileges, is essential to the prosperity and glory of the English nation.

"Recently, however, this belief has been seriously shaken by the success of democratic institutions in America. Englishmen are getting now to be well acquainted with America; and they see there a people of the same race with themselves, speaking the same language, reading the same books, holding the same religious opinions, loving the same pursuits; in short, like themselves in every respect except that they have no aristocracy; and yet, under their democratic institutions, Americans are advancing even more rapidly than Englishmen, in commerce and the arts, in the diffusion of knowledge among the people, in population, wealth, and all the elements of national greatness; and intelligent men of the middle classes in England are beginning to think that Aristocracy, with its heavy taxation for the support of sinecure offices, may not be so essential as they have heretofore supposed to the prosperity of England; and that the English people would perhaps make more rapid progress if they should throw off this burden, by republicanizing or Americanizing their institutions. The great danger to the English Aristocracy lies in this idea in the minds of the English people; for, if it should take root and spread, it might end in a revolution in which they would lose all their privileges. Hence they study every thing in America and in England with the deepest interest in its bearings on this matter.

"The English Aristocracy know that the English people are a liberty-loving, a liberty-vaunting people. They saw with what ease numerously-signed petitions for the Abolition of Slavery could be obtained in districts, and among classes, where there was *no interest* to check the current of the popular feeling. *They knew that they could have found no difficulty in disposing of such petitions in Parliament without granting them, for they could have continued to receive them respectfully, and postpone action upon them endlessly, if their interest had required it.* But after a time they, doubtless, reasoned with themselves, thus:

"'What will be the effect of encouraging and finally granting these petitions? If Slavery shall be abolished in the British colonies, by compensating slaveholders for their losses, nobody in England will then have any *interest* in opposing the wildest and most enthusiastic expressions of anti-Slavery sentiment. Englishmen will love to refer with pride and boasting to the large sum sacrificed by their government, with their concurrence, on the altar of liberty, justice, and humanity. They will then look to America, and they will see Slavery still there, for Southern slaveholders in America, of course, will never ruin themselves and their country by imitating Britain in abolishing it. Englishmen can then be easily excited, on account of American Slavery, to look down with scorn upon Americans and American institutions; and if any popular orator, or writer, in England shall propose to deprive the Aristocracy of their powers and privileges, and, to fortify his argument, shall refer to the prosperity of America under democratic institutions, he will be met with this scorn, and defeated in his purpose.'

"This will be the effect in England of the Abolition of Slavery in the British colonies; but the most important effect will be the effect in America. America is divided almost equally between free States and Slave States;—between States in which the negroes are so few that no harm results from their emancipation, and States in which Slavery is so deeply rooted that it can not be safely abolished without ruin to all classes of the population. In the free States, a fierce anti-slavery sentiment, a bitter hatred of Slavery and Slaveholders, can be excited almost as easily as in England, and, in process of time, by constantly fanning the flame, such a hostility can be kindled between the people of the two great sections that it will lead to the destruction of the American Union, and the failure of the grand experiment of democratic government by men of the Anglo-Saxon race. And this failure of Democracy in America will be a new lease, and a long lease, to the English Aristocracy of their powers and privileges. In short, Mr. Leggett, '*I believe that the English Aristocracy lent their influence to the Abolition of Slavery in the British colonies that they may use it as a wedge for the division of the American Union. They did it to promote their own interest, to perpetuate their own privileges; by the destruction of the Union and prosperity of democratic America, and to secure their object, they care no more for a debt of* £20,000,000 *sterling and the commercial ruin of the British West India islands than for the ashes on that cigar that you are smoking.*'"

In the above sketch, I repeat, I do not profess to give the language of Mr. L., but have endeavored, in my own language, to convey the impression made upon my mind of the course of reasoning by which Mr. W. came to his conclusion. The words in italics, however, are very nearly the words used by Mr. Leggett.

What struck me as particularly noteworthy in Mr. Leggett's narrative was, that *before the experiment of negro emancipation in the British West Indies had been fully tried, and while the friends and supporters of the measure professed to believe that its effect would be happy upon those immediately connected with it, both in the islands and in England, an agent of the British government, who must have had uncommon opportunities for forming a sound judgment in the case, expressed his belief that they who controlled the action of the government knew, when they gave their sanction to the measure, that there was every reason to expect that it would be calamitous to the negroes, to the planters, and to the British people, and knew too that they could easily have prevented it, but that they still supported and encouraged it, because it would promote the interests of the English Aristocracy, by enabling them to excite, in the free States of America, such an anti-slavery feeling, as would lead to a division of the American Union, and the destruction of the great democratic Republic.*

A constant attendance at the meetings of religious and philanthropic societies, and especially of anti-slavery meetings, during a residence of four years in London, thoroughly satisfied me that anti-slavery meetings and excitements are got up in England, not for the purpose of a removal, or an amelioration, of the evils of Slavery in any part of the world, but chiefly, if not exclusively, with a view to keep up in the hearts of the English people a hatred of the people and institutions of America.

And, as to our own country, all who are acquainted with the history of the anti-slavery movement here, know that, prior to the Abolition of Slavery in the British colonies, the American anti-slavery movement was eminently kind, considerate, rational, and Christian; that it had already happily effected the gradual but total abolition of slavery in all the Northern States, and was at the time very active in the border Slave States, especially among the slaveholders, who, after individually emancipating scores of thousands of their own slaves, united with each other in anti-slavery societies to promote the gradual, but eventually total, abolition of slavery by law in their respective States, with fair prospects of success in Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri, and with some hope even in North Carolina and Tennessee—the emancipation of the slaves in most of these States to go hand in hand with their removal to other lands. It is also well known that immediately after the Abolition of Slavery in the British colonies, anti-slavery societies of a totally different character were formed in New England, and that these societies were based on the principle of bitter hatred to all slaveholders, and a fierce denunciation of the measures which had been framed, with great consideration and wisdom, by Southern slaveholders, for the welfare of their slaves, and the elevation of the negro race. It is known that the supporters of these New England anti-slavery societies established newspapers, issued tracts, employed lecturers, and devised plans, evidently intended to irritate Southern men, and provoke to acts which would irritate Northern men, and provoke retaliatory acts, and thus, by continued angry action and reaction, ripen a hostility between the North and the South, which would naturally end in a dissolution of the American Union. This system of hostility has been kept up now for twenty-five years, and, with what effect, let the present state of the country answer.

How much of the large amount of money expended by American Abolitionists in support of this organized system of hostility to the Constitution of the United States has been contributed in England we know not, but we do know that, while conservative Americans have often been publicly and wantonly insulted in England in connection with the Slavery question, and without apology where apology was due from members of the Aristocracy, other Americans, whose chief claim to notice was the zeal and success with which they had attacked a fundamental law of their country and promoted bitter strife between the people of its two great sections, have been invited to the homes of the English nobility, flattered, honored, and encouraged on their return to America to renew their warfare upon the people and institutions of the South. These facts are readily explained on the theory of Deputy Commissary-General Wilson that the aim of the English Aristocracy is to perpetuate their own power and privileges by destroying the great American democratic republic, and they can not, we think, be satisfactorily explained on any other theory.

SIDNEY E. MORSE.

THE LOUNGER.

COMFORT FOR RACHEL.

The bright and beautiful Thanksgiving is passed. The year of wonderful opulence and prosperity is completed, and every body but his Honor the Mayor was in a grateful frame of mind. If that worshipful functionary does not feel grateful and happy, it is nobody's fault, it is only his misfortune. Gratitude is a much more agreeable emotion than discontent, and happiness than indignation. But the ways of his Honor are not as other men's ways, and the excellent Rachel Wood, it seems, refuses to be comforted.

Still the Lounger proposes to make an effort at consolation by contrast. It is too late, of course, to help any body's state of mind as it was upon Thursday week, but something may be done toward a present restoration of a cheerful tone of the system.

The honorable municipal chief magistrate is recommended to consider the plight of Mr. John Johns upon the late Thanksgiving festival. The H. M. C. M. had, beyond doubt, his savory roast turkey, his delectable side dishes, his smoking plum-pudding, mince-pie, and pumpkin-pie. He had, without question, all that makes dinner delightful; and a man who has a delightful dinner on Thanksgiving-day, has he not fulfilled the conditions?

Behold, then, in imagination, O Mayor, Mr. John Johns alighting from the cars upon a Western prairie at what is called a "Junction." It is half past eight o'clock in the morning. The air is chilly; there is a streaking of snow upon the half frozen mud. There is a billiard saloon, a group of small shanties; the railroad buildings, and a road of black mud. Mr. Johns steps cheerily into the bar-room, and asks when the train, which he is to take, connects at the Junction. "At two o'clock," is the extremely short reply of a youth of eighteen or nineteen, in very slouching clothes, boots run over sideways at the heel, giving his gait a very saucy character, which is fully sustained by the straight sandy hair and freckled face.

The bar-room is large, and in one corner there are the basins and the towels with which the guests of the house perform their morning ablutions. A tall, gaunt man in India rubber shoes, with a wife and small boy, who are going to some Thanksgiving family party, hear the dreadful news about the train at two o'clock, and disappear into an inner room. From that room a woman presently emerged, and, standing at the door, says in a cold, distinct voice, "Who replenishes the fire in here?" The youth in the slouching clothes replies, "I do." The voice says to him, "Won't you please replenish?" and the figure disappears.

By this time the train which brought Mr. John Johns disappears, and the dull reality begins to press upon him. He walks slowly up and down the room; pulls out his watch and compares it with the clock behind the counter. The clock seems to him unnecessarily large, and the immense pendulum swings so lazily that it too distinctly says to him, "It—is—a—very—long—long—time—indeed—to—two—o'clock. 'Tis—only—half past—eight—tick—tick—tick." The great face of the clock, with its enormous figures, which repeat the fact of the extremely early hour in the most offensive manner, gradually assumes the likeness of a huge unwinking eye, staring at Mr. John Johns; and as he seats himself by the stove and turns his eyes away, he can not help hearing, "Thanks—giving—day—and—you'll—dine—here—tick—tick—tick."

Mr. Johns naturally rouses himself, and opens the door briskly and takes a turn in the fresh air. The morning is cloudy, and the road is very muddy. He picks his way along cautiously, occasionally slipping and sinking into the black ooze, while the brown and white monotonous landscape stretches away in the sullen morning, and distinctly says to him, "Won't you have some more of it?" Then, leaning upon a fence, he remembers the Thanksgivings of long ago, and this very day elsewhere. City streets, country landscapes, foreign lands, with all their various chapters in his life, sweep through his memory for a moment. Then the roar of a train arouses him. It comes puffing up to the station-house behind him, and, ringing a bell, snorts away over the prairie. It is not his train, for it is only a little past nine o'clock, and his train comes at two.

Mr. John Johns returns to the bar-room, and takes a book from his traveling-bag. The youth with the boots running down at the heel watches him curiously, and then begins to tease a dog, which snarls and snarls, but does not try to bite, evidently because it has tried biting before, and has been sorely smitten by the youth in consequence. The great clock surveys Mr. John Johns calmly, and the slow pendulum constantly remarks to him that the time is passing very gradually indeed. Suddenly there is a bustle at the door, and two loud-talking men come in. "Can't you kill him?" "Why—why don't Joe?" "Oh, koz he's got a chore to do 'll take him all day." "Wa'al, I could shoot him." "Oh! darn, 'tain't that. It's cutting on him up. *I* can shoot him. That won't take long, no how. But kin you cut him up?" "I guess I don't want to to-day." "Wa'al, Joe he's got a chore to do 'll take him all day." "Have a glass of beer?" They go to the counter, and the sandy-haired youth pumps the ale and says to the first speaker, "Can't you git that steer killed?" Neither of them seem to know, and Mr. John Johns is puzzled to determine. The two men depart. He falls to reading. The relentless clock remarks from the wall, "Only—ten—o'clock—tick—tick—tick."

Once during the morning the tall, gaunt man in India rubbers hurries out from the "Ladies' room," and swings rapidly up to the bar. "Is there a newspaper here?" The youth shakes his head crisply and utters a short, blunt "No;" then whistles vaguely, while the tall man scuffles back again and shuts the door.

A little later two or three young men lounge in, stare at Mr. John Johns, and begin to talk very noisily. They laugh in a loud, dry way, apparently entirely without enjoyment or raciness. They pull at each other, and swear profusely, and brush their hair before the glass with a brush which is tied to it by a dirty string. Then they whistle without any tune, and Mr. John Johns thinks that it is nothing but the utter emptiness of their minds pouring out of their mouths. They dance a convulsive jig upon the floor, and one by one they gradually go out, slamming the door after them.

Mr. Johns tries not to think of the delightful hours he might be passing elsewhere. He tries to forget that it is the day peculiarly sacred to social pleasure. But while he is trying the remorseless clock slowly twangs out twelve, so slowly that it seemed to grudge every stroke as bringing so much comfort to its victim by the first; and at the same moment the youth down at the heel seizes a gong, rushes to the door, and standing upon the platform, beats until the whole neighborhood is filled with a frantic roar. After such a tremendous summons the dining-room door is opened. Somebody, most superfluously, says "Dinner," and Mr. John Johns proceeds to his Thanksgiving feast, expecting, from the loud invitation and the long table, that a great multitude will dine. The dining-room is entirely bare. It is ingeniously comfortless and cheerless. Nothing, certainly, but an American tavern would be capable of such destitution of every sign of domesticity. Mr. Johns advances to the end of the table and seats himself upon a high, round stool, such as accountants use. The moment he is seated a girl rushes from behind a door and mutters at his ear "Roast beef, roast pork, boiled beef." He asks for roast beef, and a plate is presently dumped before him, while two women enter without speaking and seat themselves upon the opposite side of the table. They are oppressively silent. When the girl-parrot mutters to them "Roast beef, roast pork, boiled beef," one says, "Roast beef, ma'am," and the other says, "Yes 'm." Then they seem to sink down into unutterable depths of silence. Mr. John Johns, hoping to rally his own spirits a little and promote conversation, suddenly says to them, when their beef is brought, "May I give you a little potato?" But the effect is so alarming—the reply of "Thank you" comes so close upon a hysteric cry—that Mr. Johns tries no more, and he and the two women and three men, who have entered with elaborately brushed hair and dirty hands, eat their Thanksgiving dinner in solemn silence.

There was a long time afterward before the train arrived, during which Mr. John Johns walked upon the platform and smoked a meditative cigar. Presently he heard the far-off whistle, and stepping into the bar-room he looked with calm contempt upon the huge clock that implacably stared at him, and in very measured tones remarked: "It's—now—two—o'clock—and—you—can—go—good—by—John—Johns—come—again—next—year—tick—tick—tick."

Now, in perusing this little story of real life, why should not Rachel Wood be comforted? If he can not have every thing his own way, let him reflect that there are other unhappy individuals—perhaps even more unhappy than he. And if he can only see the matter in this light, although it were but with a single eye, there can be no doubt that Mr. John Johns will willingly have lost his Thanksgiving dinner.

A TRIP TO COVENTRY.

"ARTHUR" writes to the Lounger that he has been threatened by a set of young men with whom he associates that, if he continues to hold or at least express in public certain opinions upon certain subjects, they will send him to Coventry. What shall I do? asks Arthur. Go to Coventry, replies the Lounger.

Remember that there are two sides to every excommunication, social, ecclesiastical, or political. Pope Leo excommunicated Martin Luther, but Luther excommunicated the Pope, and laughed at him too. And so long as you can honestly laugh, you are safe. When Sir Samuel Romilly proposed to abolish the penalty of death for stealing a pocket handkerchief, the lawyers tried to send him to Coventry for his audacity, and declared that such an innovation endangered the whole criminal law. Sir Samuel laughed and pushed on, and presently suggested the abolition of that part of the punishment for treason which consists in drawing and quartering the offender and throwing his bowels into his face, while he yet lived. Thereupon the Attorney-general eloquently asked, "Are the ancient bulwarks and safe-guards of the British Constitution to be thus wantonly overthrown?" But Sir Samuel only laughed, and somebody asked whether the bowels of traitors were the bulwarks of the British Constitution.

Master Arthur, think honestly and speak honestly and take the consequences. In this time and country the public common-sense soon hastens round to the defense of honesty. It may not agree with the opinion, but it does, at heart, respect the sincerity. And if it seem to you very slow in coming, and you ask yourself a hundred times whether honesty be the best policy, you will find that you can not answer your question until you have determined what policy is. If it be only your individual advantage you may well doubt.

So go to Coventry, if your friends insist upon sending you; but don't cry upon the way, for you may be sure of meeting quite as good society as you leave behind. Coventry is not a bad place. You may amuse yourself while you are there as you do in the great cities of Europe, by seeing where the famous people have lived. Any history will serve for a directory. Find the names of the great benefactors of the world, and you will have a list of the chief citizens of Coventry; yes, and the best society of all time. And as you "lean with grooms and porters on the bridge," you may remember the lovely legend of the lady who saved the lives of men by riding "clothed on with chastity," when,

> "Shameless noon
> Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,"

and understand the deep and exquisite significance of the story.

THE POINT.

WITH our own affairs and those of other people we shall have an exciting winter. The great point will be to follow the hint of the weather, and keep cool. That we can do easily enough as we attend to the spectacle in Italy, but we may find it more difficult in our own case. Of course every Lounger, wherever he goes, and whatever paper he reads, and whatever speech, or even lecture, he hears, can not escape the inevitable topic. There is but one kind of news, or interest, or conversation; and no wonder, for it is a crisis.

Yet still we ought to take the hint of the winter. Whatever is done ought to be done calmly. The people of this country at large are neither children nor simpletons. They will not be too much concerned, and they ought not to be, with theories of any kind; but they will look matters squarely in the face.

If there were a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, and twenty persons should declare themselves dissatisfied, the police would watch and take care of any overt acts. But if forty thousand of the people were unanimous in dissatisfaction, the inevitable and reasonable question would be, "Can this be treated as a riot? What grounds of accommodation can be suggested?"

To reply that sixty ought not to submit to forty is not a pertinent answer, simply because the state of things is no longer a riot, but a revolution; and in a revolution every wise man asks, Can it be made a peaceful, or must it be a bloody change? And there can be little doubt what answer a wise man will give.

HEROISM AT HOME.

WE read in the old Norse legends of the Vikings, mighty sea captains of the North, who fought with the ocean and conquered it, or fell heroically battling. The dimness of antiquity invests their forms with vastness. Romance folds them to her heart, and we wonder what were the ages, what the men, in which and among whom such heroes lived and wrought.

But heroism never changes, and a hero is always the same. The wild, wintry, terrible romance of the North constantly reproduces itself and its fruit. It seems homely and common when it is near to us; but read the annual stories of the battles upon our lakes in early winter, and you will not need to look to Norway and long ago for the grandest heroism.

Caught and torn by the savage gales of November, tugs, and propellers, and schooners, and sloops are dashed in pieces and whirled in wild surges upon the shore. Blinded and beaten by frozen rain, stung with the blowing snow, every moment the cold freezing their clothes into rigidity, the wrecked sailors climb and slip and vaguely wander along treacherous shores, until suddenly they disappear in unseen gulfs, or fall overpowered by the stiffening iron which covers them. What hearts ache for the gallant leaders—hearts that on the shore shudder with every burst of the tempest! Not a violent gale rages upon the lakes but almost all the lake towns and cities wonder who may be the victims. Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Milwaukee, and Chicago are the mothers of the Vikings, and sit mourning after the storms. Lying at the wharves there, you can see, after an early winter gale, some craft that happily escaped; mailed in thick, ribbed ice—sheathed in splendor from mast-head to the water, when the sun looks at it, and as poetic a bark as any that ever bore a fair-haired Norwegian sea-king.

The heroism is here all around us; the romance lies in the distance and the separation. There are people who can not appreciate the heroism unless it is also romantic. But he is a fortunate man who remembers that the great human qualities which are the charm of the Iliad, and the Niebelungen Lied, and the Jerusalem Delivered, and all the national epics and traditions, are just as abundant now as ever, and that the newspaper paragraphs recording little incidents, which we pass by, will be national epics hereafter.

HAZING.

THE meanest practice in an English public school is fagging, and the excuse made for it is as mean as the system: "It makes a boy manly; and since he must have tough whacks in his life, it is accustoming him to them early." That is what a certain painter, Tomaso by name, would call "high old logic." Your child will have to encounter bumps and bruises in life, therefore you will push him down stairs.

There is nothing more dastardly than a practical joke, except a practical joker. To empty a pail of water upon the head of a man passing under your window—to put pins in the chair where your visitor is to sit, or to pull the chair from under him as he is about seating himself—to stretch a cord across the passage, so that the next passer may trip and fall, breaking his legs or his neck—putting a boy under the pump by the force of numbers, and a hundred other practical jokes—don't you see the exquisite humor of it? Don't you see what wits and gallant gentlemen they are who do it? Don't you see how manly it is for half a dozen fellows to bully one?

This is the noble sport known as "hazing." It is American for fagging, and it is so much less than fagging as this, that in the English system one fellow subdues another to his service for a certain term, and in ours no one dares to haze alone, but goes in a squad, which is the very perfection of pure bullying.

It was high time that common sense put an end to this stupidity, and the faculty of Harvard deserve honor for the step they have taken. It is never manly to submit to injustice, is it? And the Lounger puts it to any collegian whether he would not think the fellow a spoon and milksop who submitted quietly to such indignities. The hazers at Harvard had no right to complain of the revolver which was suddenly drawn upon them. It may have been wrong to draw it, but the first wrong to be considered was the cowardly bullying which produced it.

The American "fellow" has always despised the English fellow for fagging and for being fagged. Is not his contempt a sharpened arrow against his own hazing and being hazed?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE BLACK LAUREATE.

THE last lot of Blacks (we forget their names) are as prompt with their minstrelsy as any of the grimy songsters who have preceded them. We are delighted to learn that on the day of the safe arrival of the future (many and many a long day off may his nomination be!) Edward the Seventh, the Laureate to the Sable Melodists dashed off the following exquisite Poem, which was sung at night, and rapturously applauded, and encored forty-seven times, by an intelligent British audience:

I.

Home de Prince hab come,
  He am not a lubber,
We hab got de Prince ob Whales,
  So we need not blubber.
Chick-a-boo, chack-a-boo,
  Lobby bobby beer O,
Home de Prince ob Whales hab come,
  Sailing in de *Hero*.
    Chick-a-boo, chack-a-boo, etc.

II.

Him want to wash him hands, boys,
  Dirty wid de rope,
So him gone to Windsor,
  'Cos dere him get de soap.
Chick-a-boo, chack-a-boo,
  Dance and kick up antic,
'Cos de Prince ob Whales hab come,
  Crossing de Atlantic.
    Chick-a-boo, chack-a-boo, etc.

III.

Prince Alfred tumble off de Cape,
  So him had a bad knee,
Don't him wish he'd been instead
  In de *Ariadne*.
Chick-a-boo, chack-a-boo,
  Time for going bed-ward,
But one cheer before we go,
  Hooray, Album-Edward!
    Chick-a-boo, chack-a-boo, etc.

AN INFALLIBLE SPECIFIC AGAINST SEA-SICKNESS.—Never go to Sea.

THE WAY OF FOOLS.—When an argument gets into such a dreadful fog that it is impossible to see one's way through it, it may be owing to the absence of the necessary Links.

As the *Hero* was short of fuel, the Duke inquired of the Prince whether he should signal to the *Ariadne* for any?

"I should advise you not," was the princely reply; "for they will never be such fools as to send coals to Newcastle."

EARLY RISING.—Hungary is trying to get itself into the habit of early rising. It is only to be feared, if Hungary does succeed in rising early, that it may have the effect of disturbing the rest of the Austrian dominions.

"COMPANIONS OF THE BATH."—Soap and Towels.

A man's good fortune often turns his head; his bad fortune as often averts the heads of his friends.

A lady sometimes keeps charms upon her watch-guard; but it is more important that she keep watch and guard upon her charms.

It is a pleasant thing to see roses and lilies glowing upon a young lady's cheek, but a bad sign to see a man's face break out in blossoms.

Cork-screws have sunk more people than cork-jackets will ever keep up.

Laziness begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. It creeps over a man so slowly and imperceptibly that he is bound tight before he knows it.

Dr. Franklin says that "every little fragment of the day should be saved." Oh yes, the moment the day *breaks*, set yourself at once to save the pieces.

HOOD'S JOKES ON HIMSELF.—The very fingers so aristocratically slender that now hold the pen, hint plainly at the "ills flesh is heir to;" my coats have become great-coats, my pantaloons are turned into trowsers, and by a worse bargain than Peter Schlemihl's, I seem to have retained my shadow and sold my substance. In short, as happens to premature old port wine, I am of a bad color with very little body. I am working, nevertheless, with pen and pencil, in spite of the M.D.s., who ordered me to do nothing; but I found it so hard to do that. I preferred writing and drawing. Besides which, for all my ill-looking-ness, there is one man coming to draw me, and another to model me, as if I were fat enough to *bust*. Luckily, I am capital at sitting just now, and not bad at lying; as to walking or standing, I am as feeble almost as a baby on my pins, which, by-the-way, have dwindled into needles.

When you negotiate for a house having all the modern improvements, you will generally find that a mortgage is one of them.

What would this world be without women?—A perfect blank—like a sheet of paper, not even *ruled!*

HUNGER THE BEST SAUCE.—"Hungry as a hunter," is not a bad comparison; at least, so thought a young Oxford friend of ours, as he was riding home to Alma Mater, after a long day with the V. W. H. Twenty miles to cover, and an hour and forty minutes down the vale, would create an appetite under the ribs of death; and our young student, who was the son of a cotton-spinner, was rather remarkable, even among the "good-grubbers," as having a peculiar twist of his own. Dismounting from his quadruped, and entering a small road-side inn, he begged the landlady to put something before him. The something soon appeared in the shape of the remnants of a meat-pie, which was all that remained after her own dinner. Young Nimrod was hard at it "in the twinkling of a bull's elbow," as they say at Brazen-Nose, and never ceased plying his knife and fork till naught remained but a Pelion upon Ossa of fragmentary bones which would have puzzled our friend Waterhouse Hawkins to rearrange. "Capital pie!" quoth Nimrod; "never ate a better—quite equal to Gloomy Hinton's crow-tarts. And pray what might you have made it of, my good woman?" "Oh, Sir, there was beef and mutton, and lots of things in it." "And fish, too, I see," said the young disciple of Buckland, daintily balancing on his fork what appeared to be the vertebræ of a flat-fish. "Fish, Sir! Oh dear no, Sir—no fish. Why, deary me," continued she, attentively examining the fragment. "Well, that is lucky! If it ain't our little Billy's small-tooth comb, and I have been a-looking for it these ten days!"

Mrs. Partington says that "when she was a gal she used to go to parties, and always had a beau to extort her home. But now," says she, "the gals undergo all sorts of declivities; the task of extorting them home revolves on their dear selves." The old lady drew down her specs, and thanked her stars that she had lived in other days, when men could depreciate the worth of the female sex. "Besides," she added, "so many men are murdered every day, that you gals must make haste and get husbands as soon as you can, or there won't be any left."

"Why so, aunt?"

"Why, I see by the paper that we must have got almost twelve thousand post-offices, and nearly all of 'em dispatches a *mail* every day."

"Pray, Doctor Skraitz, what on airth is a horrorscope?" asked Mrs. Partington.

"Why, ma'am," replied the Doctor, "you perceive that when the nocturnal hour is so far procrastinated by a superabundant application of oleaginous, acidulous, piperine, mustardific, oviparious components of a crustaceo-piscatory salid and its vinous and alcoholic accidents, an undue expansion of the stomachic integument ensues, which, in the progress of its constipating influences, stigmatizes the cerebral functions, confuses the nervo-optic system, and gives a scope to the horrors."

"La me, how very strange!" said the old lady; "and what a wonderful thing it is to have larning!"

"Well, Dinah," said a would-be belle to a black girl, "they say beauty soon fades, but do you see any of my bloom fading? Now tell me plainly, without any compliments."

"Oh no, missa, but den me kinder tink—"

"Think what, Dinah? You're bashful."

"Oh no, me no bashful, but den me kinder tinks as how missa don't retain her color quite so well as colored lady."

A lady asked her gardener why the weeds always outgrew and covered up the flowers? "Madam," he answered, "the soil is mother of the weeds, but only step-mother of the flowers."

After casting a glance at our own weaknesses, how eagerly does our vanity console itself with deploring the infirmities of our friends!

A certain man says that one of his boys knows nothing, and the other does. The question is, which knows the most?

A garrulous fop, who had annoyed by his frivolous remarks his partner in the ball-room, among other empty things asked whether "she had ever had her ears pierced?" "No," was the reply, "but I've often had them *bored!*"

When the Parliament began to coin money, an old cavalier, looking on one of the new pieces, read this on one side, "God be with us;" on the other, "The Commonwealth of England."—"I see," said he, "God and the Commonwealth are on different sides."

NIGGER CONUNDRUM.—"'Pose I shoot bullet tree deal-board wid him pistol, what else I make beside round hole? Gib him up? Why, I make a riddle."

FORESIGHT.—Lady Margaret asked somebody for a pretty pattern for a night-cap.—"Well," said the person, "what signifies the pattern of a night-cap?"—"Oh! child," said she, "but you know, in case of fire!"

AFFRAY IN BOSTON.

WE publish on page 788, from a sketch by a person who was present, a picture of the riot which took place on December 3, in Tremont Temple, Boston, on the occasion of the attempt of Garrison, Redpath, Sanborn, Douglass, and other abolitionists to celebrate the anniversary of the execution of John Brown. No sooner had the abolitionists appeared in the hall than a number of citizens of Boston proceeded to organize the meeting. This was resisted by the abolitionists and a scuffle ensued; but the Union men carried their point, and organized the meeting by electing Mr. Fay chairman. A calm speech was delivered by Mr. Fay, in spite of frequent interruptions by Fred Douglass, and the following resolutions were put and carried:

"*Whereas*, That it is fitting upon the occasion of the anniversary of the execution of John Brown for his piratical and bloody attempt to create an insurrection among the slaves of Virginia, for the people of this Commonwealth to assemble, and to express their horror of the man and of the principles which led to the foray; therefore it is

"*Resolved*, 1. That no virtuous and law-abiding citizen of this Commonwealth ought to countenance, sympathize with or hold communion with, any man who believes that John Brown and his aiders and abettors in that nefarious enterprise were *right* in any sense of that word.

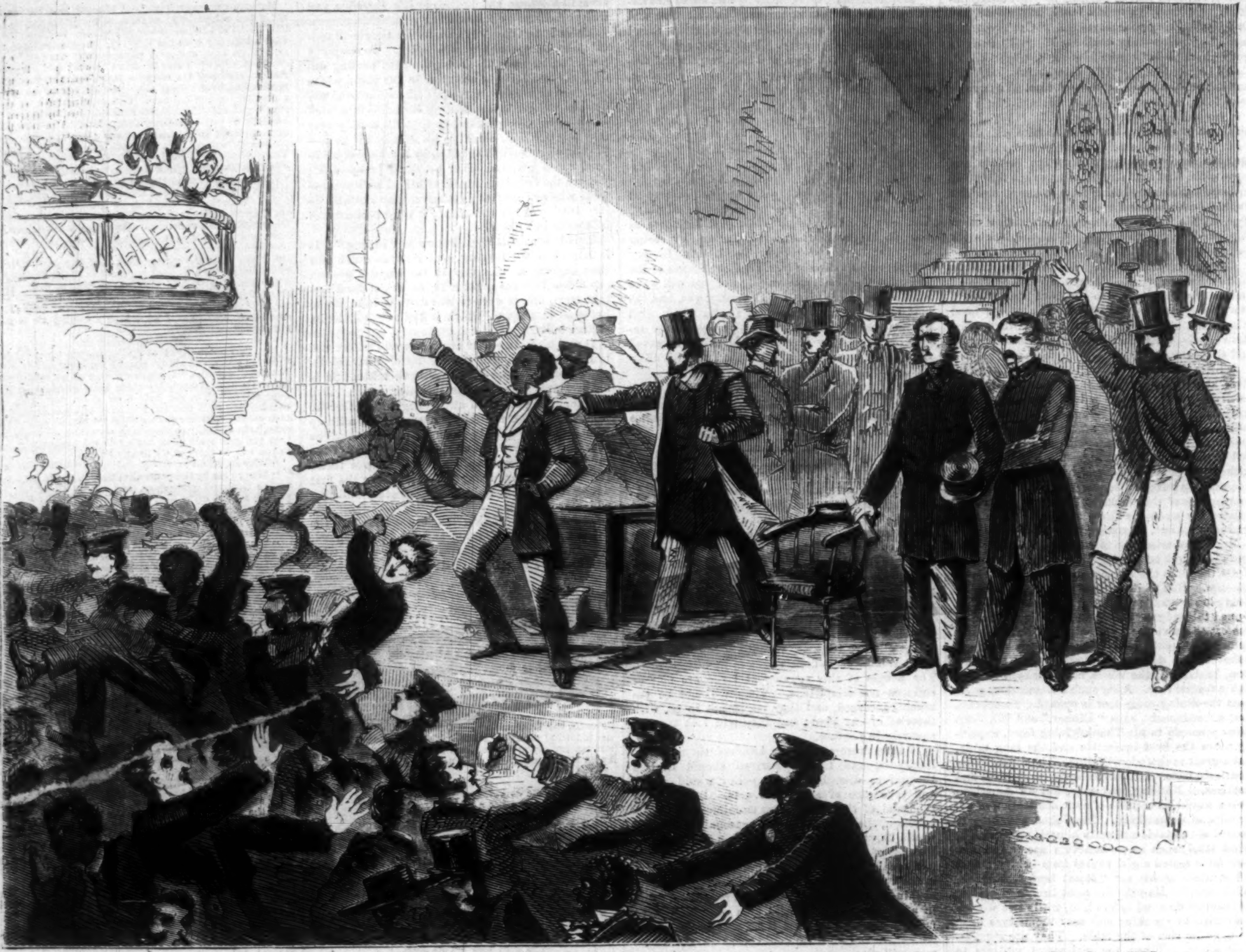
"2. That the present perilous juncture in our political affairs, in which our existence as a nation is imperiled, requires of every citizen who loves his country to come forward and to express his sense of the value of the Union, alike important to the free labor of the North, the slave labor of the South, and to the interests of commerce, manufactures, and agriculture of the world.

"3. That we tender to our brethren in Virginia our warmest thanks for the conservative spirit they have manifested, notwithstanding the unprovoked and lawless attack made upon them by John Brown and his associates, aided if not with the connivance, at least with the sympathy of a few fanatics of the Northern States, and that we hope they will still continue to aid us in opposing the fanaticism which is even now attempting to subvert the Constitution and the Union.

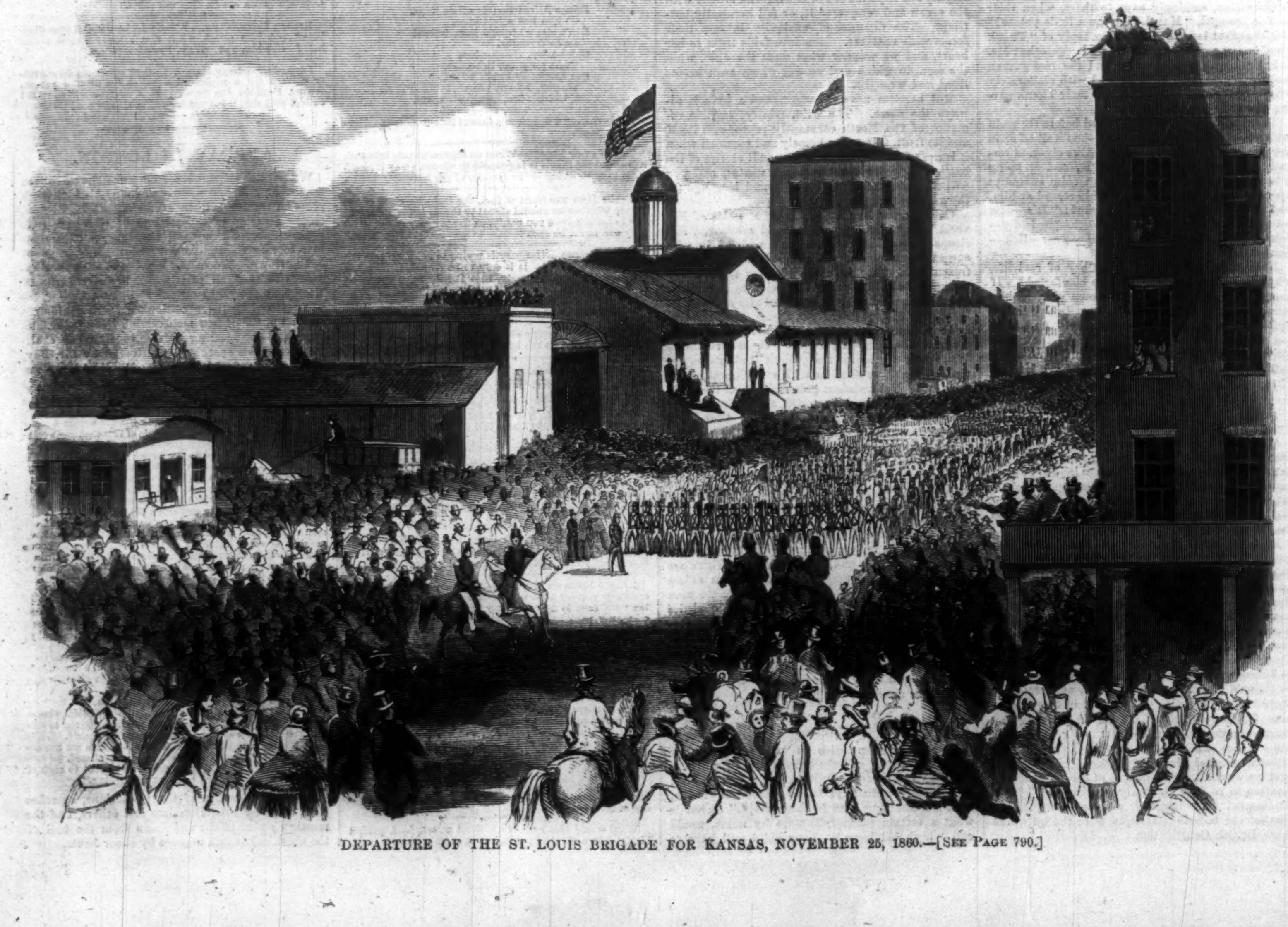
"4. That the people of this city have submitted too long in allowing irresponsible individuals and political demagogues of every description to hold public meetings to disturb the public peace and misrepresent us abroad. They have become a nuisance, which in self-defense we are determined shall henceforth be summarily abated.

"4. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to each of the persons named in the call for this meeting."

After the passage of the resolutions, speeches were made by Fred Douglass and others, and the meeting ended in the expulsion from the hall of the abolitionists and negroes by sheer force.



EXPULSION OF NEGROES AND ABOLITIONISTS FROM TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, ON DECEMBER 3, 1860.—[See Page 787.]



DEPARTURE OF THE ST. LOUIS BRIGADE FOR KANSAS, NOVEMBER 25, 1860.—[See Page 790.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

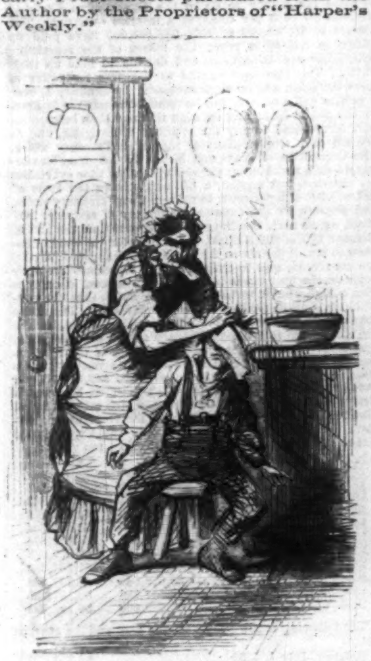
GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."



CHAPTER VI.

MY state of mind regarding the pilfering from which I had been so unexpectedly exonerated, did not impel me to frank disclosure; but I hope it had some dregs of good at the bottom of it.

I do not recall that I felt any tenderness of conscience in reference to Mrs. Joe when the fear of being found out was lifted off me. But I loved Joe—perhaps for no better reason in those early days than because the dear fellow let me love him—and, as to him, my inner self was not so easily composed. It was much upon my mind (particularly when I first saw him looking about for his file) that I ought to tell Joe the whole truth. Yet I did not, and for the reason that I mistrusted that if I did he would think me worse than I was. The fear of losing Joe's confidence and of thenceforth sitting in the chimney corner at night staring drearily at my forever lost companion and friend, tied up my tongue. I morbidly represented to myself that if Joe knew it, I never afterward could see him at the fireside feeling his fair whisker, without thinking that he was meditating on it. That if Joe knew it, I never afterward could see him glance, however casually, at yesterday's meat or pudding when it came on to-day's table, without thinking that he was debating whether I had been in the pantry. That if Joe knew it, and at any subsequent period of our joint domestic life remarked that his beer was flat or thick, the conviction that he suspected Tar in it would bring a rush of blood to my face. In a word, I was too cowardly to do what I knew to be right, as I had been too cowardly to avoid doing what I knew to be wrong. I had had no intercourse with people at that time, and I imitated none of the host of people who act in this manner; quite an untaught genius, I made the discovery of the line of action for myself.

As I was sleepy before we were far away from the prison-ship, Joe took me on his back again and carried me home. He must have had a tiresome journey of it, for Mr. Wopsle, being knocked up, was in such a very bad temper that if the Church had been thrown open he probably would have excommunicated the whole expedition, beginning with Joe and myself. In his simple lay capacity he simply persisted in sitting down in the damp to such an insane extent that, when his coat was taken off to be dried at the kitchen fire, the circumstantial evidence on his trowsers would have hanged him if it had been a capital offense.

By that time I was staggering on the kitchen floor like a little drunkard, through having been newly set upon my feet, and through having been fast asleep, and through waking in the heat and lights and noise of tongues. As I came to myself (with the aid of a heavy thump between the shoulders, and the restorative exclamation "Yah! Was there ever such a boy as this!" from my sister) I found Joe telling them about the convict's confession, and all the visitors suggesting different ways by which he had got into the pantry. Mr. Pumblechook made out, after carefully surveying the premises, that he had first got upon the roof of the forge, and had then got upon the roof of the house, and had then let himself down the kitchen chimney by a rope made of his bedding cut into strips; and as Mr. Pumblechook was very positive and drove his own chaise-cart—over every body—it was agreed that it must be so. Mr. Wopsle, indeed, wildly cried out "No!" with the feeble malice of a tired man; but as he had no theory, and no coat on, he was unanimously set at naught—not to mention his smoking hard behind, as he stood with his back to the kitchen fire to draw the damp out, which was not calculated to inspire confidence.

This was all I heard that night before my sister clutched me, as a slumberous offense to the company's eyesight, and assisted me up to bed with such a strong hand that I seemed to have twenty boots on, and to be dangling them all against the edges of the stairs. My state of mind, as I have described it, began before I was up in the morning, and lasted long after the subject had died out, and had ceased to be mentioned saving on exceptional occasions.

CHAPTER VII.

AT the time when I stood in the church-yard, reading the family tombstones, I had just enough learning to be able to spell them out. My construction even of their simple meaning was not very correct, "for I read "wife of the Above" as a complimentary reference to my father's exaltation to a better world; and if any one of my deceased relations had been referred to as "Below," I have no doubt I should have formed the worst opinions of that member of the family. Neither were my notions of the theological positions to which my Catechism bound me at all accurate, for I have a lively remembrance that I supposed my declaration that I was to "walk in the same all the days of my life" laid me under an obligation always to go through the village from our house in one particular direction, and never to vary it by turning down by the wheelwright's or up by the mill.

When I was old enough I was to be apprenticed to Joe, and until I could assume that dignity I was not to be what Mrs. Joe called "Pompeyed," or pampered. Therefore, I was not only odd-boy about the forge, but if any neighbor happened to want an extra boy to frighten birds, or pick up stones, or do any such job, I was favored with the employment; but in order that our superior position might not be compromised thereby, a money-box was kept on the kitchen mantle-shelf, into which it was publicly made known that all my earnings were dropped. I have an impression that they were to be contributed eventually toward the liquidation of the National Debt, but I know I had no hope of any personal participation in the treasure.

Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt kept an evening school in the village; that is to say, she was an ancient woman of limited means and unlimited infirmity, who used to go to sleep from six to seven every evening, in the society of youth who paid three-pence per week each for the improving opportunity of seeing her do it. She rented a three-roomed cottage, and Mr. Wopsle had the room up-stairs, where we students used to overhear him reading aloud in a most dignified and terrific manner, and occasionally bumping on the ceiling. There was a fiction that Mr. Wopsle "examined" the scholars once a quarter. What he did on those occasions was to turn up his cuffs, stick up his hair, and give us Mark Antony's oration over the body of Cæsar. This was always followed by Collins's Ode on the Passions, wherein I particularly venerated Mr. Wopsle as Fear, whistling to keep his courage up. It was not with me then, as it was in later life, when I fell into the society of the Passions, and compared them with Collins and Wopsle, rather to the disadvantage of both gentlemen.

Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt, besides keeping this Educational Institution, kept—in the same room—a little general shop. She had no idea what stock she had, or what the price of any thing in it was; but there was a little greasy memorandum book kept in a drawer, which served as a Catalogue of Prices, and by this oracle Biddy arranged all the shop transactions. Biddy was Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's grand-daughter; I confess myself quite unequal to the working out of the problem what relation she was to Mr. Wopsle. She was an orphan like myself; like me, too, had been brought up by hand. She was most noticeable, I thought, in respect of her extremities; for her hair always wanted brushing, her hands always wanted washing, and her shoes always wanted mending and pulling up at heel. This description must be received, however, with a week-day limitation. On Sundays she went to church elaborated.

Much of my unassisted self, and more by the help of Biddy than of Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt, I struggled through the alphabet as if it had been a bramble-bush; getting considerably worried and scratched by every letter. After that I fell among those thieves, the nine figures, who seemed every evening to do something new to disguise themselves and baffle recognition. But at last I began, in a purblind groping way, to read, write, and cipher, on the very smallest scale.

One night I was sitting in the chimney corner with my slate, expending great efforts on the production of a letter to Joe. I think it must have been a full year after our hunt upon the marshes, for it was a long time after, and it was winter and a hard frost. With an alphabet on the hearth at my feet for reference, I contrived in an hour or two to print and smear this epistle:

"mI deEr JO i opE U r krWitE wEll i opE i shAl soN B haBell 4 2 teeDge U JO aN theN wE shOrl b sO glOdd aN wEn i M preNgtD 2 u JO woT larX an blEvE ME inF xn PiP."

There was no indispensable necessity for my communicating with Joe by letter, inasmuch as he sat beside me and we were alone. But I delivered this written communication (slate and all) with my own hand, and Joe received it as a miracle of erudition.

"I say, Pip, old chap!" cried Joe, opening his blue eyes wide, "what a scholar you are! An't you?"

"I should like to be," said I, glancing at the slate as he held it, with a misgiving that the writing was rather hilly.

"Why, here's a J," said Joe, "and a O equal to anythink! Here's a J and a O, Pip, and a J-O, Joe."

I had never heard Joe read aloud to any greater extent than this monosyllable, and I had observed at church last Sunday when I accidentally held our Prayer-Book upside down, that it seemed to suit his convenience quite as well as if it had been all right. Wishing to embrace the present occasion of finding out whether in teaching Joe I should have to begin quite at the beginning, I said, "Ah! But read the rest, Joe."

"The rest, eh, Pip?" said Joe, looking at it with a slowly searching eye, "One, two, three. Why, here's three Js and three Os, and three J-O, Joes in it, Pip!"

I leaned over Joe, and, with the aid of my forefinger, read him the whole letter.

"Astonishing!" said Joe, when I had finished. "You ARE a scholar."

"How do you spell Gargery, Joe?" I asked him, with a modest patronage.

"I don't spell it at all," said Joe.

"But supposing you did?"

"It *can't* be supposed," said Joe. "But I'm oncommon fond of reading, too."

"Are you, Joe?"

"On-common. Give me," said Joe, "a good book, or a good newspaper, and sit me down afore a good fire, and I ask no better. Lord!" he continued, after rubbing his knees a little, "when you *do* come to a J and a O, and says you, 'Here, at last, is a J-O, Joe,' how interesting reading is!"

I derived from this that Joe's education, like steam, was yet in its infancy. Pursuing the subject, I inquired:

"Didn't you ever go to school, Joe, when you were as little as me?"

"No, Pip."

"Why didn't you ever go to school, Joe, when you were as little as me?"

"Well, Pip," said Joe, taking up the poker and settling himself to his usual occupation when he was thoughtful, of slowly raking the fire between the lower bars, "I'll tell you. My father, Pip, he were given to drink, and when he were overtook with drink he hammered away at my mother most onmerciful. It were a'most the only hammering he did, indeed, 'xcepting at myself. And he hammered at me with a wigor only to be equaled by the wigor with which he didn't hammer at his anwil.—You're a listening and understanding, Pip?"

"Yes, Joe."

"'Consequence—my mother and me we ran away from my father several times; and then my mother she'd go out to work, and she'd say, 'Joe,' she'd say, 'now, please God, you shall have some schooling, child,' and she'd put me to school. But my father were that good in his hart that he couldn't abear to be without us. So he'd come with a most tremenjous crowd and make such a row at the doors of the houses where we was, that they used to be obligated to have no more to do with us and to give us up to him. And then he took us home and hammered us. Which you see, Pip," said Joe, pausing in his meditative raking of the fire, and looking at me, "were a drawback on my learning."

"Certainly, poor Joe!"

"Though mind you, Pip," said Joe, with a judicial touch or two of the poker on the top bar, "rendering unto all their doo, and maintaining equal justice betwixt man and man, my father were that good in his hart, don't you see?"

I didn't see; but I didn't say so.

"Well!" Joe pursued, "somebody must keep the pot a biling, Pip, or the pot won't bile, don't you know?"

I saw that, and said so.

"'Consequence—my father didn't make objections to my going to work; so I went to work at my present calling, which were his too, if he would have followed it, and I worked tolerable hard, I assure *you*, Pip. In time I were able to keep him, and I kep him till he went off in a purple leptic fit. And it were my intentions to have had put upon his tombstone that Whatsume'er the failings on his part, Remember reader he were that good in his hart."

Joe recited this couplet with such manifest pride and careful perspicuity that I asked him if he had made it himself?

"I made it," said Joe, "my own self. I made it in a moment. It was like striking out a horseshoe complete in a single blow. I never was so much surprised in all my life—couldn't credit my own ed—to tell you the truth, hardly believed it *was* my own ed. As I was saying, Pip, it were my intentions to have had it cut over him; but poetry costs money, cut it how you will, small or large, and it were not done. Not to mention bearers, all the money that could be spared were wanted for my mother. She were in poor elth, and quite broke. She weren't long of following, poor soul, and her share of peace come round at last."

Joe's blue eyes turned a little watery: he rubbed, first one of them, and then the other, in a most uncongenial and uncomfortable manner, with the round knob on the top of the poker.

"It were but lonesome then," said Joe, "living here alone, and I got acquainted with your sister. Now, Pip," Joe looked firmly at me, as if he knew I was not going to agree with him, "your sister is a fine figure of a woman."

I could not help looking at the fire, in an obvious state of doubt.

"Whatever family opinions, or whatever the world's opinions, on that subject may be, Pip, your sister is"—Joe tapped the top bar with the poker after every word following—"a—fine—figure—of—a—woman!"

I could think of nothing better to say than "I am glad you think so, Joe."

"So am I," returned Joe, catching me up. "*I* am glad I think so, Pip. A little redness, or a little matter of Bone, here or there, what does it signify to Me?"

I sagaciously observed, if it didn't signify to him, to whom did it signify?

"Certainly!" assented Joe. "That's it. You're right, old chap! When I got acquainted with your sister, it were the talk how she was bringing you up by hand. Very kind of her too, all the folks said, and I said, along with all the folks. As to you," Joe pursued, with a countenance expressive of seeing something very nasty indeed; "if you could have been aware how small and flabby and mean you was, dear me, you'd have formed the most contemptible opinions of yourself!"

Not exactly relishing this, I said, "Never mind me, Joe."

"But I did mind you, Pip," he returned, with tender simplicity. "When I offered to your sister to keep company, and to be asked in church at such times as she was willing and ready to come to the forge, I said to her, 'And bring the poor little child. God bless the poor little child,' I said to your sister, 'there's room for *him* at the forge!'"

I broke out crying and begging pardon, and hugged Joe round the neck; who dropped the poker to hug me, and to say, "Ever the best of friends; an't us, Pip? Don't cry, old chap!"

When this little interruption was over, Joe resumed:

"Well, you see, Pip, and here we are! That's about where it lights; here we are! Now, when you take me in hand in my learning, Pip (and I tell you beforehand I am awful dull, most awful dull), Mrs. Joe mustn't see too much of what we're up to. It must be done, as I may say, on the sly. And why on the sly? I'll tell you why, Pip."

He had taken up the poker again; without which, I doubt if he could have proceeded in his demonstration.

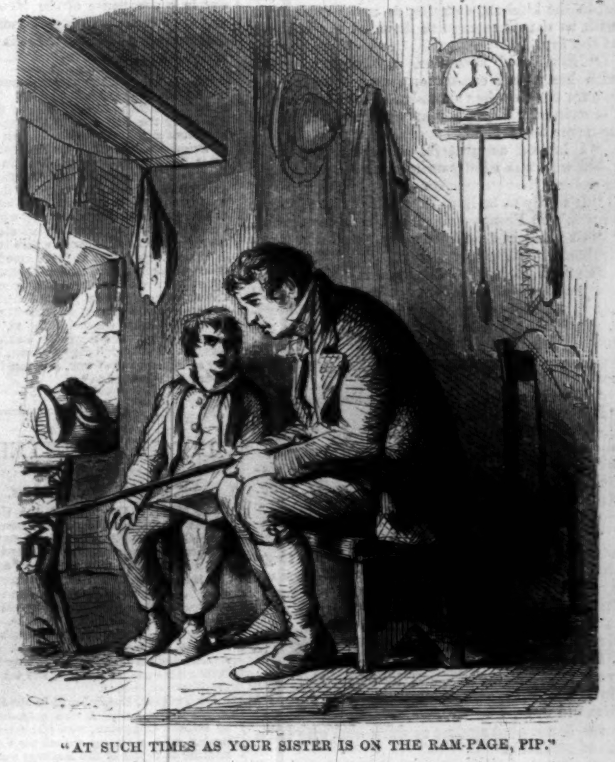
"Your sister is given to government."

"Given to government, Joe?" I was startled, for I had some shadowy idea (and I am afraid I must add, hope) that Joe had divorced her in favor of the Lords of the Admiralty, or Treasury.

"Given to government," said Joe. "Which I meantersay the government of you and myself."

"Oh!"

"And she an't over partial to having scholars on the premises," Joe continued, "and in partikler would not be over partial to my being a scholar, for fear as I might rise. Like a sort of rebel, don't you see?"



"AT SUCH TIMES AS YOUR SISTER IS ON THE RAM-PAGE, PIP."

I was going to retort with an inquiry, and had got as far as "Why—" when Joe stopped me.

"Stay a bit. I know what you're a going to say, Pip: stay a bit! I don't deny that your sister comes the Mo-gul over us, now and again. I don't deny that she do throw us falls, and that she do drop down upon us heavy. At such times as your sister is on the Ram-page, Pip," Joe sank his voice to a whisper and glanced at the door, "candor compels fur to admit that she is a Buster."

Joe pronounced this word as if it began with at least twelve capital Bs.

"Why don't I rise? That were your observation when I broke it off, Pip?"

"Yes, Joe."

"Well," said Joe, passing the poker into his left hand, that he might feel his whisker; and I had no hope of him when he took to that placid occupation; "your sister's a master-mind. A master-mind."

"What's that?" I asked, in some hope of bringing him to a stand. But Joe was readier with his definition than I had expected, and completely stopped me by arguing circularly and answering with a fixed look, "Her."

"And I an't a master-mind," Joe resumed, when he had unfixed his look, and got back to his whisker. "And last of all, Pip—and this I want to say very serous to you, old chap—I see so much in my poor mother of a woman drudging, and slaving, and breaking her honest heart, and never getting no peace in her mortal days, that I'm dead afeerd of going wrong in the way of not doing what's right by a woman, and I'd fur rather of the two go wrong the t'other way, and be a little ill-conwenienced myself. I wish it was only me that got put out, Pip; I wish there warn't no Tickler for you, old chap; I wish I could take it all on myself; but this is the up-and-down-and-straight on it, Pip, and I hope you'll overlook short-comings."

Young as I was, I believe that I dated a new admiration of Joe from that night. We were equals afterward, as we had been before; but afterward at quiet times, when I sat looking at Joe and thinking about him, I had a new sensation of feeling conscious that I was looking up to Joe in my heart.

"However," said Joe, rising to replenish the fire, "here's the Dutch-clock a working himself up to being equal to striking Eight of 'em, and she's not come home yet! I hope Uncle Pumblechook's mare mayn't have set a forefoot on a piece o' ice, and gone down."

Mrs. Joe made occasional trips with Uncle Pumblechook on market days, to assist him in buying such household stuffs and goods as required a woman's judgment; Uncle Pumblechook being a bachelor and reposing no confidences in his domestic servant. This was market-day, and Mrs. Joe was out on one of these expeditions.

Joe made the fire and swept the hearth, and then we went out to listen for the chaise-cart. It was a dry, cold night, and the wind blew keenly, and the frost was white and hard. A man would die to-night of lying out on the marshes, I thought; and then I looked at the stars, and considered how awful it would be for a man to turn his face up to them as he froze to death, and see no help or pity in the whole glittering multitude.

"Here comes the mare," said Joe, "ringing like bells!"

The sound of her iron shoes upon the hard road was quite musical, as she came along at a much brisker trot than usual. We got a chair out ready for Mrs. Joe's alighting, and stirred up the fire that they might see a bright window, and took a final survey of the kitchen that nothing might be out of its place. When we had completed these preparations they drove up, wrapped to the eyes. Mrs. Joe was soon landed, and Uncle Pumblechook was soon down covering the mare with a cloth, and we were soon all in the kitchen, carrying so much cold air in with us that it seemed to drive all the heat out of the fire.

"Now," said Mrs. Joe, unwrapping herself with haste and excitement, and throwing her bonnet back on her shoulders where it hung by the strings, "if this boy an't grateful this night, he never will be!"

"I looked as grateful as any boy possibly could who was wholly uninformed why he ought to assume that expression.

"It's only to be hoped," said my sister, "that he won't be Pompeyed. But I have my fears."

"She an't in that line, mum," said Mr. Pumblechook. "She knows better."

She? I looked at Joe, making the motion with my lips and eyebrows, "She?" Joe looked at me, making the motion with *his* lips and eyebrows, "She?" My sister catching him in the act, he drew the back of his hand across his nose with his usual conciliatory air on such occasions, and looked at her.

"Well?" said my sister in her snappish way. "Is the house a-fire?"

—"Which some individual," Joe politely hinted, "mentioned—she."

"And she is a she, I suppose?" said my sister. "Unless you call Miss Havisham a he. And I doubt if even you'll go so far as that."

"Miss Havisham, up town?" said Joe.

"Is there any Miss Havisham down town?" returned my sister. "She wants this boy to go and play there. And of course he's going. And he had better play there," said my sister, shaking her head at me as an encouragement to be extremely light and sportive, "or I'll work him."

I had heard of Miss Havisham up town—every body for miles round had heard of Miss Havisham up town—as an immensely rich and grim old lady, who lived in a large and dismal house barricaded against robbers, and who led a life of seclusion.

"Well to be sure!" said Joe, astounded. "I wonder how she come to know Pip!"

"Noodle!" cried my sister. "Who said she knew him?"

—"Which some individual," Joe again politely hinted, "mentioned that she wanted him to go and play there."

"And couldn't she ask Uncle Pumblechook if he knew of a boy to go and play there? Isn't it just barely possible that Uncle Pumblechook may be a tenant of hers, and that he may sometimes—we won't say quarterly or half-yearly, for that would be requiring too much of you—but sometimes—go there to pay his rent? And couldn't she then ask Uncle Pumblechook if he knew of a boy to go and play there? And couldn't Uncle Pumblechook, being always considerate and thoughtful for us—though you may not think it, Joseph," in a tone of the deepest reproach, as if he were the most callous of nephews, "then mention this boy, standing Prancing here"—which I solemnly declare I was not doing—"that I have for ever been a willing slave to?"

"Good again!" cried Uncle Pumblechook. "Well put! Prettily pointed! Good indeed! Now Joseph, you know the case."

"No, Joseph," said my sister, still in a reproachful manner, while Joe apologetically drew the back of his hand across and across his nose, "you do not yet—though you may not think it—know the case. You may consider that you do, but you do *not*, Joseph. For you do not know that Uncle Pumblechook, being sensible that for any thing we can tell this boy's fortune may be made by his going to Miss Havisham's, has offered to take him into town to-night in his own chaise-cart, and to keep him to-night, and to take him with his own hands to Miss Havisham's to-morrow morning. And Lor-a-mussy me!" cried my sister, casting off her bonnet in sudden desperation, "here I stand talking to mere Mooncalfs, with Uncle Pumblechook waiting, and the mare catching cold at the door, and the boy grimed with crock and dirt from the hair of his head to the sole of his foot!"

With that she pounced upon me, like an eagle on a lamb, and my face was forced into wooden bowls in sinks, and my head was put under taps of water-butts, and I was soaped, and kneaded, and toweled, and thumped, and harrowed, and rasped, until I really was quite beside myself. (I may here remark that I conceive myself to be better acquainted than any living authority with the ridgy effect of a wedding-ring, passing unsympathetically over the human countenance.)

When my ablutions were completed, I was put into clean linen of the stiffest character, like a young penitent into sackcloth, and was trussed up in my tightest and fearfulest suit. I was then delivered over to Mr. Pumblechook, who formally received me as if he were the Sheriff, and who let off upon me the speech which I knew he had been dying to make all along: "Boy, be forever grateful to all friends, but especially to them which brought you up by hand!"

"Good-by, Joe!"

"God bless you, Pip, old chap!"

I had never parted from him before, and what with my feelings and what with soap-suds I could at first see no stars from the chaise-cart. But they twinkled out one by one, without throwing any light on the questions why on earth I was going to play at Miss Havisham's, and what on earth I was expected to play at.

DEPARTURE OF THE ST. LOUIS BRIGADE FOR KANSAS.

WE engrave on page 788, from a sketch obligingly furnished us by a correspondent, the departure of the St. Louis Brigade for the Kansas frontier, on 25th November. The Brigade was ordered out in consequence of the Montgomery outrages; and time being pressing, the march began on Sunday morning. The St. Louis *Democrat* thus describes the scene:

> "By ten o'clock the various commands were marching toward the crowded rendezvous. The companies of the First Regiment formed in line on Sixth Street, and were joined by the Battalion of Engineers; while the Second Regiment gathered between Fourth and Sixth on Walnut. So numerous, interested, and excited were the crowds that great difficulty was experienced in finding room for the most necessary evolutions of the troops, or even the passage of the commandants along the line. The Brigade staff was perfectly surrounded by a packed mass of people at Chestnut and Sixth streets; while the anxious members of the staff regimental were almost compelled to ride over the throngs that every where impeded them.
>
> "The Brigade line at last formed in complete and fine order on Sixth Street, under Brigadier-General Frost and his aids, in accordance with programme. Not only were the streets completely jammed with spectators, but windows, piazzas, awnings, and sometimes the roofs of houses, were filled with eager lookers-on. The sight was well worth seeing. The troops showed surprisingly strong in numbers, and in full fatigue dress, laden with the traveling accoutrements of war, presented an unusual and rather unique appearance."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, December 3, the United States Congress met at Washington, being the second session of the thirty-sixth Congress. At noon the Senate was called to order by Vice-President Breckinridge, and a quorum being present, a message was, on motion of Senator Bright, sent to the House reporting that the Senate was ready for business. A joint Committee was also appointed to wait upon the President to state that Congress was ready to receive any communication he had to make.——In the House, after prayer by the Chaplain, the Senate's message was received and a joint Committee appointed. Mr. Grow moved the reconsideration of the vote disposing of the Homestead Bill. Before the question was put, lots were drawn for seats, and the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, December 3, in the Senate, the President's Message was read. A strong secession speech was made by Senator Clingman, who was followed by Senator Crittenden with a strong appeal for the Union. The usual number of copies of the Message were ordered to be printed, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Message was read, and Mr. Sherman moved its reference to the Committee of the Whole. Mr. Boteler moved the reference of that part which refers to the perilous condition of the country to a Committee of one from each State. Various amendments were suggested by Messrs. M'Clernand, Sherman, Morris, and others, but were withdrawn. Messrs. Singleton of Mississippi, Jones of Georgia, Hawkins of Florida, and Clopton and Moore of Alabama, declined to vote, as their States were, in their opinion, already out of the Union. The resolution then passed by 145 to 38. Mr. Morris tried to introduce a resolution declaring the Union perpetual; but an adjournment was moved and carried.

On Wednesday, December 5, in the Senate, Senator Powell, of Kentucky, moved that so much of the President's Message as relates to the domestic troubles of the country be referred to a Select Committee. The motion was laid over under the rule. Senator Green, of Missouri, introduced a resolution for the establishment of an armed police in the border slave and free States, for the maintenance of general peace, the prevention of the invasion of one State by citizens of another, and for the efficient execution of the Fugitive Slave Law. It was made the special order for Monday. Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, then opened debate on the impending crisis in the affairs of the country, and was followed by Senators Iverson, of Georgia, Wigfall, of Texas, Saulsbury, of Delaware, and others.——In the House, the Homestead Bill, and the Military Academy and Invalid Pension Appropriation bills, were passed without debate. After referring the various branches of the President's Message to appropriate standing committees the House adjourned.

On Thursday, December 6, in the Senate, Senator Latham presented a memorial in favor of a daily overland mail. Senator Powell introduced a resolution that so much of the President's Message as relates to the present agitated and distracted condition of the country, and the grievances of the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States, be referred to a special committee of thirteen members, and that said committee be instructed to inquire whether any additional legislation than already within the sphere of federal authority and duty will be necessary for the protection and security of the property of the United States; if so, to report by bill; and that the said committee be also instructed to consider and report whether it is deemed expedient to propose an amendment or amendments to the Constitution of the United States, so as to insure a prompt and full protection to the rights and property of citizens of every State and Territory, and insure the equality of the States, and insure the equal rights of the citizens aforesaid under the federal Constitution. Laid over for the present.——In the House, Mr. Morris of Pennsylvania gave notice that on Monday he would introduce a resolution declaring the Union perpetual. A bill was reported by Mr. Cobb, construing the meaning of the words minimum price of the public lands; passed. The Speaker announced the following as the special committee under Mr. Boteler's resolution:

States.	Names.	Politics.
Alabama	George S. Houston,	Democrat.
Arkansas	Albert Rust,	Democrat.
Connecticut	Orris S. Ferry,	Republican.
California	John C. Burch,	Democrat.
Delaware	William G. Whitley,	Democrat.
Florida	George S. Hawkins,	Democrat.
Georgia	Peter E. Love,	Democrat.
Indiana	Wm. N. Dunn,	Republican.
Illinois	William Kellogg,	Republican.
Iowa	Samuel R. Curtis,	Republican.
Kentucky	Francis M. Bristow,	Southern Opposit'n.
Louisiana	Miles Taylor,	Democrat.
Massachusetts	Chas. F. Adams,	Republican.
Mississippi	Reuben Davis,	Democrat.
Maine	Freeman H. Morse,	Republican.
Michigan	William A. Howard,	Republican.
Missouri	John S. Phelps,	Democrat.
Maryland	H. Winter Davis,	Southern Opposition.
Minnesota	William Windon,	Republican.
New York	James Humphrey,	Republican.
New Jersey	John N. L. Stratton,	Republican.
New Hampshire	Mason W. Tappan,	Republican.
North Carolina	Warren Winslow,	Democrat.
Ohio	Thomas Corwin,	Republican (chairman).
Oregon	Lansing Stout,	Democrat.
Pennsylvania	Jas. H. Campbell,	Republican.
Rhode Island	Christopher Robinson,	Republican.
South Carolina	Wm. W. Boyce,	Democrat.
Tennessee	Thos. A. R. Nelson,	Southern Opposition.
Texas	A. J. Hamilton,	Democrat.
Vermont	Justin S. Morrill,	Republican.
Virginia	John S. Millson,	Democrat.
Wisconsin	Cad. C. Washburn,	Republican.

Mr. Hawkins, of Florida, begged to be excused. A strong appeal was made to him by Mr. John Cochrane, of New York, and pending the appeal, on motion of Mr. Millson, of Virginia, the House adjourned.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Hon. James Buchanan, President of the United States, says, in his Message, that the sectional interference of the North with Southern institutions has at last led to its natural effect—threatened secession. Peace, however, may yet be restored. The election of Lincoln does not of itself justify secession, nor is the South in any danger. No act has ever passed Congress that is hostile to the South except the Missouri Compromise. The Dred Scott decision proves that the territories are and must remain open to Southern men with their property. The only actual injury inflicted upon the South has been the passage by State legislatures of acts nullifying the Fugitive Slave Law. If these are not repealed, the South will be justified in revolutionary resistance. The President goes on to say that the Union being in its nature perpetual, no State enjoys a right of secession under the Constitution. He adds, however, that every State enjoys the right of revolution. The President is directed to execute the laws, but at present, in South Carolina, he can not perform that duty, as the whole State is opposed to him; he can collect the revenue, but nothing more. In his opinion Congress has no power to coerce a State to remain in the Union, and if it had the power it would be unwise to exert it. The President then makes a warm appeal to the patriotism of the South to forbear in the purpose of Disunion, and recommends an amendment of the Constitution. This explanatory amendment might be confined to the final settlement of the true construction of the Constitution on three special points:

1. An express recognition of the right of property in slaves in the States where it now exists or may hereafter exist.

2. The duty of protecting this right in all the common Territories throughout their territorial existence, and until they shall be admitted as States into the Union, with or without slavery, as their constitutions may prescribe.

3. A like recognition of the right of the master to have his slave, who has escaped from one State to another, restored and "delivered up" to him, and of the validity of the Fugitive Slave Law enacted for this purpose, together with a declaration that all State laws impairing or defeating this right are violations of the Constitution, and are consequently null and void.

Passing to our foreign relations, the President observes that our relations with Great Britain are friendly; the Clayton-Bulwer dispute and the right of search question have both been settled, and the San Juan question is under discussion. France is also friendly, and has admitted that a native of France, naturalized in the United States, can not be seized in France for military service. After a reference to the *Amistad* claim, which is still unsettled, the President reiterates his argument in favor of the purchase of Cuba. Our relations with China are satisfactory; the Chinese have paid an indemnity of $700,000 for American claims, and the parties injured are being paid off. The Treaty of Tien-tsin is faithfully carried out by the Chinese. The treaty with Japan has been ratified. With Mexico our relations are very complicated; treaties are before the Senate for ratification which may improve them. But the condition of that republic is very disheartening. Peace has been re-established in Kansas and Utah. The expenses of Government are being reduced; but the income is falling off, and the debt is increasing. [Details of the finances will be found in the report of the Secretary of the Treasury.] The African Slave-trade has been suppressed; within the year no slave has been imported into the United States. The President concludes with the recommendation that the Pacific Railroad be built, that a new tariff be passed substituting specific for *ad valorem* duties, that Cornelius Vanderbilt be compensated for carrying the mail without a contract, and that the people of Kansas be relieved from the present famine.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

Hon. Howell Cobb, Secretary of the Treasury, reports that on 30th June, 1858, the public debt amounted to $44,910,077, including $19,754,800 of Treasury notes; on 30th June, 1859, the public debt amounted to $58,754,699, including $15,153,661 of Treasury notes; on 30th June, 1860, the public debt amounted to $64,769,708, including $19,690,500 of Treasury notes. Since then some Treasury notes have matured, and have probably been paid; but to raise the money to do so the Government has sold $10,000,000 of 5 per cents, at a fraction over par. The buyers of $8,901,000 of this $10,000,000 have paid up either in full or in part; the takers of the remaining $1,099,000 are delinquent, and decline to take up their stock. The Secretary applies to Congress for power to have the stock sold for their account. By January 1, over a million and a quarter will be required to pay the interest on the public debt; and between this and then large sums will be required to pay the expenses of Congress, and to redeem over five millions of maturing Treasury notes. The Committee of Ways and Means in Congress, foreseeing no such revulsion as the one which has now overtaken us, reported, last session, a bill authorizing the issue of $21,000,000 of 5 per cents to redeem these Treasury notes, and provide for the expected deficiency of revenue. Of these, as we said, the Department disposed, on the 22d of October ult., of $10,000,000. The Secretary now asks Congress to repeal the act so far as the remaining $11,000,000 are concerned, and to authorize him to reissue Treasury notes on the best terms he can. He proposes, in order to give a higher rank to these Treasury notes, that the public lands shall be pledged for their repayment. The entire expenditure for the year 1859-'60 was $59,848,474, including $4,446,009 post-office deficiency of the previous year. The Secretary estimates that the expense of the two succeeding years may be within $60,000,000 a year. The estimated revenue for these two years are $63,348,006 for 1860-'61, and $64,250,000 for 1861-'62. This, however, is irrespective of the present revulsion, which cripples trade, diminishes importation, and reduces the Government revenue. The following tables will show the Expenditures and the Revenue from Customs for the past ten years:

Years.	Expenditures.	Revenue from Customs.
1851-'52	$46,712,608	$47,339,326
1852-'53	54,577,061	58,931,865
1853-'54	75,473,119	64,224,190
1854-'55	66,164,775	53,025,794
1855-'56	72,726,341	64,022,864
1856-'57	71,274,587	63,875,905
1857-'58 (new tariff)	82,062,186	41,789,620
1858-'59	83 678,642	49,789,620
1859-'60	66 346,226	53,187,195
1860-'61 (estimated)	61,500,000	56,119,831

The following is the budget for the past and the current years:

Balance, July 1, 1859	$4,339,275
Customs	53,187,195
Public lands	1,778,555
Treasury notes and loans	20,775,900
Miscellaneous	1,011,064
Total	$81,091,309

Expenditures, $77,462,102, as follows:

Civil, foreign intercourse, etc.	$27,969,871
Interior Department	3,955,686
War Department	16,409,767
Navy Department	11,513,150
Public debt	17,613,628
Total	$77,462,102

Balance in the Treasury, June 30, 1860		$3,629,207
For the first quarter of fiscal year ending June 30, 1860, the receipts were		16,719,790
Estimated for the remaining three quarters:		
Customs	$40,000,000	
Public lands	2,250,000	
Miscellaneous	750,000	
Loan authorized June 22, '60	21,000,000	
		64,000,000
Total		$84,348,997

EXPENDITURES.

First quarter	$16,548,473
Three remaining quarters (estimated)	67,559,633
Total	$84,103,105

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

Hon. John B. Floyd reports that the strength of the army is the same as it was last year, and that it has been actively employed against the Indians. Reference is made to the defeat of Kiowas on the Kansas River by Captain Sturgis, and to that of the Pa Utes by Colonel J. C. Hays, etc. It is recommended that the Indian Bureau be placed under the direction of the War Department. The wagon-road from Fort Walla-walla, on the Oregon, to Fort Benton, on the Missouri, has been tried by troops, and found practicable; improvements are suggested which will render it only second to a Pacific railroad. It is recommended that the smooth-bore cannon in use by the Government troops be rifled; that fresh provision be made for arming the militia; that a national armory be established; and that the army be supplied with breach-loading arms. The term of study at West Point has been prolonged to five years. A steamer is wanted on Puget's Sound. The rest of the report refers to minor matters.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

Hon. Isaac Toucey, Secretary of the Navy, reports that the commission of naval officers appointed to examine the sailing vessels of the United States navy recommend the conversion of three line-of-battle ships into steamers, but do not recommend the application of steam to the brigs, sloops, and frigates. He recommends an increase of the navy, and appropriations for the repair of vessels and the enlargement of navy-yards. The Naval Academy thrives; 25 midshipmen graduated in June, and 99 were admitted. The suppression of the African slave-trade is prosecuted with vigor; during the year 12 slavers have been seized, and 3119 Africans liberated. The home squadron, commanded by Flag-officer Joseph R. Jarvis, has consisted, during the past year, of the *Savannah, Roanoke, Powhatan, Susquehanna, Sabine, Brooklyn, Jamestown, Saratoga, St. Louis, Pocahontas, Preble, Pawnee, Mohawk, Water Witch, Wyandot, Crusader*, and *Falmouth*. The Brazil squadron, under the command of Flag-officer Joshua R. Sands, has consisted of the *Congress, Seminole, Dolphin, Perry, Bainbridge*, and *Pulaski*. The Mediterranean squadron, commanded by Flag-officer Charles H. Bell, has consisted of the *Wabash, Macedonian, Richmond*, and *Iroquois*. The African squadron, under the command of Flag-officer William Inman, has consisted of the *San Jacinto, Constellation, Portsmouth, Vincennes, Marion, Mohican, Saratoga, Sumpter*, and *Mystic*. The Pacific squadron, under the command of Flag-officer J. B. Montgomery, has consisted of the *Lancaster, Saranac, Cyane, Levant, St. Mary's, Vandalia, Merrimac, Wyoming, Narragansett, Fredonia*, and *Warren*. The East India squadron, commanded by Flag-officer C. K. Stribling, has comprised the *Hartford, Germantown, Saginaw, Dacotah*, and *John Adams*. The report further alludes to the Japanese visit, and the voyage of the *Niagara* to Japan; to the survey of the Isthmus of Chiriqui; to the exploration of the Parana by Commander Page; to Commander Rodgers's charts of Behring Straits; to Lieutenant Gillis's progress on the report of the astronomical expedition to Chili, and to Lieutenant Brookes's surveys of the coast of Japan, etc. The expenditures for the naval service, during the year ending June 30, 1860, were $11,675,222, a decrease of about $3,000,000 from the preceding year. For the current year the estimates are $11,716,755; for the year following, $11,400,129.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

Hon. J. Thompson, Secretary of the Interior, reports that during the year ending 30th June last, and the quarter ending 30th September last, 16,385,361 acres were proclaimed for sale, 9,649,471 surveyed, and 12,060,053 sold. The Secretary approves the present land system. After

referring to some local matters, he alludes to the controversy with Great Britain respecting lands in Washington Territory claimed by the late Hudson's Bay Company, and recommends a final survey and settlement. The Indians have generally been at peace with us, with the exception of the Snakes and the Kiowas. The colonization system has proved a failure. The number of United States pensioners is now 11,284, drawing $1,001,018 from Government annually. During the year, 5638 patents were issued, and 841 caveats filed. The census progresses satisfactorily, and the returns show the usual increase in population and wealth. Means should be taken to ascertain the amount of domestic trade between the States. Legislation is needed to obviate the expense and inhumanity now involved in the execution of the present laws against the slave-trade; it is difficult, however, to suggest a change in consequence of the prejudice existing among the people on the subject. Allusion is made to the non-representation of the District of Columbia in Congress, and to the necessity for new court accommodations and a new jail. The Fort Kearney, South Pass, and Honey Lake Wagon-road is now completed. The surveys of the boundaries between the United States and Texas, and California are progressing satisfactorily.

REPORT OF THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

Hon. J. Holt, Postmaster-General, reports that, on 30th June last, there were in this country 8502 mail routes, altogether 240,594 miles long; that the annual transportation of mails was 74,724,776 miles, at a cost of $8,808,710—being a decrease from the year previous of 9 per cent. in transportation and 7 per cent. in cost. The number of post-offices in the United States is 28,498, a decrease of 41 from the year previous. The following statement shows the revenue, expenditure, and deficiency of the Postal Department for the last eight years:

Years.	Expenditures.	Revenues.	Deficiencies.
1853.....	$7,982,756 59	$5,940,724 70	$2,042,031 89
1854.....	8,577,424 12	6,955,586 22	1,621,837 90
1855.....	9,968,342 29	7,342,136 13	2,626,206 16
1856.....	10,407,868 18	7,620,821 66	2,787,046 52
1857.....	11,507,670 16	8,053,951 76	3,453,718 40
1858.....	12,721,636 56	8,186,792 86	4,534,843 70
1859.....	14,964,493 33	7,968,484 07	6,996,009 26
1860.....	14,874,772 89	9,218,067 40	5,656,705 49
1861.....	15,665,125 04	9,676,711 00	5,988,424 04
1862.....	14,955,535 23	10,388,934 60	4,568,600 63

The aggregate amount of postage on United States and European mails last year was $1,376,402, rather more than half of which was taken by the Cunard line. With the Pacific States we have no line which has a mail contract; Commodore Vanderbilt carries the mails under a promise from the President to recommend that Congress reimburse him. The custom of notifying by the Postal Department parties who post unpaid letters has now ceased. The penny post has gone into operation; but in Philadelphia the Department is involved in a lawsuit with a private carrier, who has obtained a judgment in his favor in a primary Court; and in small towns the rate of pay allowed—one cent—is too small to reward the carrier. Further legislation is recommended on these points. The system of registered letters is a failure, as it provides no additional security, and tempts knaves. Reference is made to the defalcation of Isaac V. Fowler, amounting to $170,947, and to the suit pending against his bondsmen; to the necessity for a uniform rate of five cents for ship letters, and ten cents for letters to Cuba and Mexico; to the purchase of land for Post-offices at New York and Philadelphia, and to other minor matters.

THE LEGISLATURE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

This Legislature has declared it inexpedient to fill the vacancies in the United States Senate. The House has passed a bill authorizing the Governor to call into service 10,000 volunteers. Mr. Marshall said the State had 382 infantry companies, 50 cavalry, 18 artillery, and 62 rifle companies, making 121 battalions, 56 regiments, 14 brigades, and five divisions. Mr. M'Gowan said the total military force was 65,000. The election of delegates to the Convention has taken place.

A bill was submitted on 7th, in the Legislature, providing holidays to be observed thereafter in the State on June 28, the anniversary of the battle of Fort Moultrie, Good Friday, Christmas, January 1, Thanksgiving and Fast Days, omitting the Fourth of July.

THE LEGISLATURE OF GEORGIA.

In the Legislature of Georgia the bill authorizing the suspension of specie payments by the Banks has passed over the Governor's veto. Resolutions declaring Georgia out of the Union were lost in the House. Resolutions calling for a Convention of the Southern States were also lost. Georgia will probably act alone.

Mr. Fulton, of Columbia, offered resolutions in the House on 7th, requesting the Congressmen from Georgia to propose to the Congress of the United States the appointment of Commissioners on the part of the North and the South, whose duty it shall be to provide for a peaceable dissolution of the Union, and an equitable distribution of the property between the two sections.

THE LEGISLATURE OF MISSISSIPPI.

The Mississippi Legislature adjourned on the 30th ult. The Convention bills, the secession resolutions, and the bill authorizing the Government to appoint commissioners to co-operate with the slaveholding States, were passed unanimously. The Stay law and Non-Importation Slave act were defeated. The election is fixed for the 20th, and the Convention meets on the 7th of January. In a great speech Hon. Mr. Lamar advocated separate secession and the simultaneous adoption of a Federal Constitution, and the Southern members and Senators to form a Congress of the new republic and appoint electors for President of the Southern confederacy.

THE CONVENTION IN TEXAS.

A Committee of citizens of Texas petitioned Governor Houston to convene the Legislature. The Governor responded that, viewing the proposed measure as unwise, he could not call the Legislature together; but if a majority of the citizens of the State petitioned for it, he could not stand in their way. Since then the citizens of Texas have been urged, in a circular letter signed by a number of gentlemen, to elect delegates to a Convention on the 8th of January, said Convention to assemble at the capital on the fourth Monday of the same month. The movement appears to meet with popular sanction.

THE CONVENTIONS IN ALABAMA AND FLORIDA.

A dispatch, dated Montgomery, December 4, says: "The disunion movement is steadily but quietly progressing in Alabama. One half of the counties will send secession delegates without opposition. In the others the fight will be confined to those who advocate secession with the cotton States and those who are in favor of separate State action. The latter will be largely in the majority."

A dispatch, dated Tallahassee, Florida, Saturday, December 1, says: "The Florida Legislature unanimously passed the Convention Bill. It meets on the 3d of January."

HOW SOUTH CAROLINA IS TO SECEDE.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "I learn from a gentleman who arrived to-day from South Carolina that a certain degree of dignity and moderation will characterize the action of that State in seceding from the Union, which he believes she will surely do. That State will send a commissioner to Washington to consult with the President. The latter will not receive such commissioner, who will then appeal to Congress, announce the grievances of his State, and the terms upon which South Carolina proposes to go out. The commissioner will then await the action of both Houses. The gentleman from whom I learn the above assures me that the Legislature of South Carolina is about equally divided between passing a bill fixing an early day on which to secede, and a bill leaving the time of secession subject to the action of other States."

SENATOR MASON FOR DISUNION.

In a letter which has been published, Senator Mason says:

"The disruption of the Federal Union, thus imminent, or, I should more properly say, actual, is a great and pregnant event; and in considering, therefore, how it may become the Convention of Virginia to act, we must look to that event as a material, if not a controlling, element in its deliberations. In the first place, it may, and most probably will, force upon the Federal Government the settlement between it and the several States of the question of the right of secession. If that right is denied, a new and paramount issue will be made between the States and the Federal power, which will be presented to the Virginia Convention *in limine*. One thing is very clear—Virginia (no more than any other Southern State) will not be passive should any attempt be made, by force, to reduce such seceding State or States to subjection.

"In the next place, it is to my mind equally clear, should one of the States separate from the Union on this slavery question, the disruption will necessarily carry with it the like separation of all those slaveholding States whose destiny it is to continue such; unless, under a returning sense of right and justice in the Northern mind, all may remain on such securities for the future as will establish this great social interest in the exclusive charge of those to whom it pertains."

SENATOR HUNTER FOR SECESSION.

Senator Hunter has lately written a letter advocating the right of secession, and declaring his belief that, unless new guaranties are at once given by the North to the Slavery interest, all the Cotton-growing States will leave the Union. He then naturally proceeds to inquire with which of the fragments Virginia will go, and on this most interesting subject he expresses himself as follows:

"I have not the shadow of a doubt as to what ought to be the course of Virginia and the other Southern Border States. If they unite with other Slave States, they would confederate as equals, and with those whose population was homogeneous, and whose interests were identified with their own. If they united with the North under such circumstances, they would constitute a helpless minority in an association with States whose population was not homogeneous with theirs, and whose interests would be considered as different and hostile. They would be treated as *inferiors* by the dominant majority, and considered as having acquiesced in that position by the choice which they had made. In the Southern Confederacy, they would find an outlet for their surplus population of slaves, not only in these co-States, but in whatever territory might be acquired by that Union. Under that Government, too, they would find effectual protection for their property and institutions. In the other Confederacy, their slave population would, indeed, be 'penned in,' and 'localized' within their own borders."

MR. GUTHRIE AGAINST DISUNION.

In a speech lately delivered by Mr. Guthrie of Kentucky, he said: "Lincoln was elected according to the constitutional forms by a sectional minority, because they were united and we were divided, and shall we then pull down this glorious fabric? Rather let us say to the North, 'Retrace your steps;' and to the South, 'Stay your hand: the remedy for your grievances is in and not out of the Union.' If the North will mind its own business, and the South attend to its own concerns, we of the Middle States, we will make an appeal, and rise up and stand between them, and have the laws respected, and we say to our Southern brethren, let there be no ill blood; stay your hands, we have a great stake in this Union and this Constitution. We have marched together under the stars and stripes, the flag of Union, and we will ever march under one flag. To the sundering of States, and war, and murdering, and plundering of each other, is the feast we are invited to—so we say to the North, retrace your steps; arise, you men of conservatism, and put down fanaticism North and South. What we do let us do calmly, coolly, and deliberately, and let our action be harmonious and consistent."

HON. ALEC STEPHENS AGAINST DISUNION.

Mr. Stephens has written a letter in which he says: "If the worst comes to the worst, as it may, and our State has to quit the Union, it is of the utmost importance that all our people should be united cordially in this course. This, I feel confident, can only be effected on the line of policy I indicated. But candor compels me to say that I am not without hopes that our rights may be maintained, and our wrongs be redressed, in the Union. If this can be done, it is my earnest wish. I think, also, that it is the wish of a majority of our people. If, after making an effort, we shall fail, then all our people will be united in making or adopting the last resort—the *ultima ratio regum*.

"Even in that case I should look with great apprehension as to the ultimate result. When this Union is dissevered, if of necessity it must be, I see at present but little prospect of good government afterward. At the North, I feel confident, anarchy will soon ensue. And whether we shall be better off at the South will depend upon many things that I am not now satisfied that we have any assurance of. Revolutions are much easier started than controlled, and the men who begin them, even for the best purposes and objects, seldom end them."

THE REPUBLICANS OPPOSED TO A COMPROMISE.

A dispatch to the *Herald*, dated Washington, December 4, says:

"The Republican Senators caucused yesterday, and were unanimous against making any compromise whatever with men or States who are in the act of violating the Constitution and laws of their country. They assert that they have appealed to the country upon the principles of the Chicago platform, that the people have indorsed them and their principles by electing Lincoln and Hamlin, in accordance with the requirements of the Constitution. They declare their intention to avoid all exciting discussion unless forced into it, to push forward the public business, and do all they can to aid the President of the United States in executing the laws of the country wherever or by whomever violated.

"The compromise proposition of Thurlow Weed was unequivocally denounced as unwise, impolitic, unjust, and anti-Republican, as a whole and in all its parts.

"Mr. Seward was called upon to know if he indorsed the course of Mr. Weed in the matter referred to, and Mr. Seward replied that he knew nothing concerning Mr. Weed's views about a compromise until he saw them in print, and that he did not indorse them.

"To-day the leading Republican Senators, such as Seward, Fessenden, Trumbull, Chandler, and Wilkinson, held a consultation, and were united and unhesitating in pronouncing the President's Message a weak, namby-pamby paper, unworthy such a man at such a time."

THE CROTON WATER STOPPED.

A serious accident has occurred to the pipes which supply the Croton water to the city. About 11 o'clock, on Wednesday night, the two large mains in the Fifth Avenue were broken by the enormous weight of materials piled upon them in grading and paving the avenue, and by the time the Chief Engineer of the Croton Department reached the spot, at 12½ o'clock, all the water in the lower reservoir was exhausted. The damage was repaired by Saturday.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

It is now certain that the seven Presidential Electors chosen on the Pacific slope have voted, with one hundred and seventy-three of those chosen this side of the Rocky Mountains, for Lincoln and Hamlin. The general result may be succinctly summed up as follows:

FOR LINCOLN AND HAMLIN.	
California............	4
Connecticut..........	6
Illinois..............	11
Indiana..............	13
Iowa.................	4
Maine................	8
Massachusetts........	13
Michigan.............	6
Minnesota............	4
New Hampshire........	5
New Jersey...........	4
New York.............	35
Ohio.................	23
Oregon...............	3
Pennsylvania.........	27
Rhode Island.........	4
Vermont..............	5
Wisconsin............	5
Total......	180

BRECKINRIDGE AND LANE.	
Alabama..............	9
Arkansas.............	4
Delaware.............	3
Florida..............	3
Georgia..............	10
Louisiana............	6
Maryland.............	8
Mississippi..........	7
North Carolina.......	10
South Carolina.......	8
Texas................	4
Total......	72

BELL AND EVERETT.	
Kentucky.............	12
Tennessee............	12
Virginia.............	15
Total......	39

DOUGLAS AND JOHNSON.	
New Jersey...........	3
Missouri.............	9
Total......	12

RECAPITULATION.—ELECTORAL VOTES.	
For Lincoln and Hamlin..........................	180
For Breckinridge and Lane.......................	72
For Bell and Everett............................	39
For Douglas.....................................	12
Whole Electoral vote............................	303
Lincoln's majority over all.....................	57

CONSERVATIVE BANQUET AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

A dispatch dated Richmond, Virginia, December 6, says: "According to previous announcement, the Union men of Richmond gave the Bell and Everett electors a grand dinner at the Exchange Hotel and Ballard House last night. Many speeches were made, expressing conservative Union sentiments, and opposing secession from existing causes; but declaring that should aggressions or overt acts be committed, then they would shoulder their tomahawks, hatchets, and muskets in defense of their rights. It was one of the grandest jollifications that has taken place on any similar occasion. The jubilee lasted till four o'clock this morning.

"At the banquet strong speeches were made in favor of the Union, and generally favoring a Convention of the border States. Mr. Botts opposed the right of secession, and advocated force, if the laws could not be upheld without. This view was opposed by two speakers."

NEGRO INSURRECTION IN KENTUCKY.

A dispatch dated Lebanon, Kentucky, Saturday, December 1, says: "Intelligence just received from Columbia, Kentucky, states that fifteen negroes and one white man, their leader, have been hung by the citizens of Burksville, for attempting to create an insurrection. No further particulars have yet come to hand."

APPALLING MURDER.

One of the most appalling and horrible murders that ever was enacted occurred in this city on Friday morning, at No. 22 East Twelfth Street. The victim, an old widow lady, named Sarah Shancks, who kept a fancy goods and millinery store at the above number, was found dead in her bedroom, at the rear of the store, with her throat cut from ear to ear, and her head and face mashed to a jelly almost. Robbery seems to have been the motive for the commission of the shocking murder, judging from the ransacked condition of the apartments. The police have thus far been unable to ferret out the assassin, but it is hoped that some clew will be afforded to the perpetrator before many days.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE EMPRESS IN SCOTLAND.

WE take from the Edinburgh *Times* of Wednesday, November 21, the following: "Yesterday morning the Empress Eugénie and suite paid a visit to the Abbey of Melrose, and the house and grounds of Abbotsford. Like all the previous movements of Her Imperial Majesty, her journey to Melrose was kept strictly secret, so much so that, when she was seen to drive to the station, a large number of persons ran to the Glasgow side of the general terminus, in the expectation that Her Majesty was about to take her departure for Hamilton Palace. The Imperial party traveled in a first-class carriage by the ordinary passenger-train, leaving Edinburgh at 11.25 A.M., and returning in the same private manner about six o'clock. At all the stations on the homeward journey, however, large numbers had collected to see Her Majesty, who was every where greeted with loud cheers. Having paid a visit to the far-famed and interesting ruin, Melrose Abbey, round which the Empress was conducted by the usual garrulous guide, the party drove to Abbotsford. In the grounds of the house, rendered classic by the residence of Sir Walter Scott, Her Majesty lingered a considerable time, and was then taken through the house of the great novelist, the library, the armor, the personal relics of Scott, and the many curiosities of the place being pointed out by the persons in charge. After a drive along a portion of the banks of the Tweed, the Imperial party returned to Edinburgh, where Her Majesty was eagerly greeted, and perhaps somewhat rudely surrounded, by a large concourse, which the railway officials had in vain tried to prevent from crowding the station platform. The time of Her Majesty's departure from Edinburgh is not yet made known; but it is expected she will to-day visit the Duchess of Buccleuch at Dalkeith Palace, and to-morrow (Thursday) leave Douglas Hotel for Hamilton Palace."

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The financial situation underwent an important change on the 21st, an arrangement having been consummated by which the Bank of England lends £2,000,000 sterling in gold to the Bank of France, on security of a deposit of silver to an equal amount. The arrangement has caused a great buoyancy of funds, and advance in consols of ½ @ ¾ ℘ cent.

The *Times* City Article hopes the arrangement will terminate the prevailing uncertainties of the money market, and lead to an early reduction of the Bank rate of discount.

A NICE POINT OF LAW.

The Irish papers report a case which was tried last week in the Queen's Bench, and which brought to light some incidents of a singularly strange character. The facts are thus briefly stated:

"In the year 1811 Terence Burns, the son of a widow in Enniskillen, ran away from a person in that town to whom he had been apprenticed to learn the business of a carpenter, and enlisted in the 48th Regiment for a period of seven years. Shortly afterward the regiment was ordered out to Sydney, and proceeded to the Cove of Cork, to embark for that distant colony. Two days after sailing a young woman of considerable personal attractions, named Margaret Lynch, who, up to that time, had remained concealed in the transport, was discovered on board, and declared that she had followed her sweetheart Terence. The fact was made known to the Captain of the ship and the officers of the regiment, and it was determined that the devotion of the fair Peggy, as she was called, should not be unrewarded. A ceremony of marriage between Terence and Margaret was gone through without delay in the presence of the Colonel of the regiment and the officers, the commander of the transport officiating in the absence of a chaplain, and the happy pair lived together as man and wife during the four months which the voyage occupied. A young officer who was present at the ceremony, Captain (afterward Major) Druit, and who acted on the occasion as clerk—reading the responses from a Prayer-book—now becomes a chief actor in the strange, eventful story. On the arrival of the regiment at Sydney the frail and faithless Peggy deserted Terence, and transferred her allegiance to the gallant Captain, with whom she lived until her death, in the year 1842. Major Druit survived her only three months, and died possessed of considerable property in Australia and three houses in Earl Street, Dublin, the subject of the action. He sold out when the regiment was ordered to India, some years after their arrival in Sydney, and continued to reside until his decease in the colony. Terence Burns returned to Ireland in 1818, when his period of service had expired, and about the year 1830 married Eliza Mangan, who is now his widow. He died in 1847, leaving four children surviving. In the year 1825 Major Druit and Margaret Lynch or Burns (which she was in point of law is still a question to be decided) were married. Six children were born to them—two before the marriage and four after—of whom two daughters survive and two sons are dead. By the Major's will his children have become possessed of the Australian property, and the two daughters and their husbands have brought a rejection to recover possession of the three houses in Earl Street, against their father's brother, who claims as heir-at-law. By consent a verdict was entered for the defendant, subject to be turned into a verdict for the plaintiffs, should the Court hereafter hold that the marriage on board the ship was not valid. If it was valid, the marriage of 1825, in the lifetime of Burns, becomes void, and the issue of that marriage can not sustain the action. The case will be argued next term."

FRANCE.

OFFICIAL MOVEMENTS.

It was rumored that Count de Morny was going to Rome on a special mission with an autograph letter from the Emperor. It was also stated that Count Persigny contemplates retiring from the London Embassy, to be succeeded by Count Walewski.

ITALY.

THE SIEGE OF GAETA.

At latest dates the siege of Gaeta continued. The batteries of Cappucini and Santa Agota had been placed in a position which would definitely reduce the place. The Piedmontese bombarded the suburbs on the 12th. The Neapolitans continued to fight resolutely, but the defection in the staff officers was increasing.

Colonel Pianelli had surrendered a battalion of Chasseurs to the Piedmontese.

Further resistance by the Bourbon troops was paralyzed by the insubordination of chiefs and the confusion which prevailed. Negotiations were, however, progressing on the subject.

GARIBALDI AT HOME.

The *Gazetta di Torino* gives us some particulars of Garibaldi's landing in his little island home: "Garibaldi has arrived at Caprera. He appears extremely happy: in the first place, because he has resigned the management of affairs at Naples into the hands of the King *galantuomo*; secondly, because he is finally free from the numberless petitions with which he was pestered. He speaks with enthusiasm of his regained freedom, and he has been anxious to extend it even to his three war-horses, which he with his own hands unsaddled and unbridled and allowed freely to run about the country the moment he set foot on his own isle. So eager was the Dictator to be free from the cares of State that he with his own hands loosened the mooring cable of the vessel which was to waft him away from Naples to Caprera. He expresses, however, the greatest faith in the future of Italy, and in the character of King Victor Emanuel."

The *Movimento* of Genoa relates the following curious anecdote: "When Garibaldi arrived at Caprera, he was astonished to find the appearance of the island quite changed. Instead of the stony desert he had left, he saw before him well-cultivated fields and beautiful plantations, with shady groves and spacious avenues. It looked as if a magician had been there, and struck the island with his wand, bidding nature forthwith to lavish her treasures on this chosen spot. But the General was still further surprised when, instead of his humble cottage, an elegant villa stood before him, on entering which the mystery was soon explained—for lo! on the walls of a fine large hall there hung the portrait of his friend Victor Emanuel, who had turned his absence to account in order to prepare this surprise for him."

GARIBALDI AND VENETIA.

Garibaldi has issued an important address relative to his Venetian campaign, and rumors are current in Paris concerning negotiations for the purchase of Venetia.

GARIBALDI AT THE HOSPITALS.

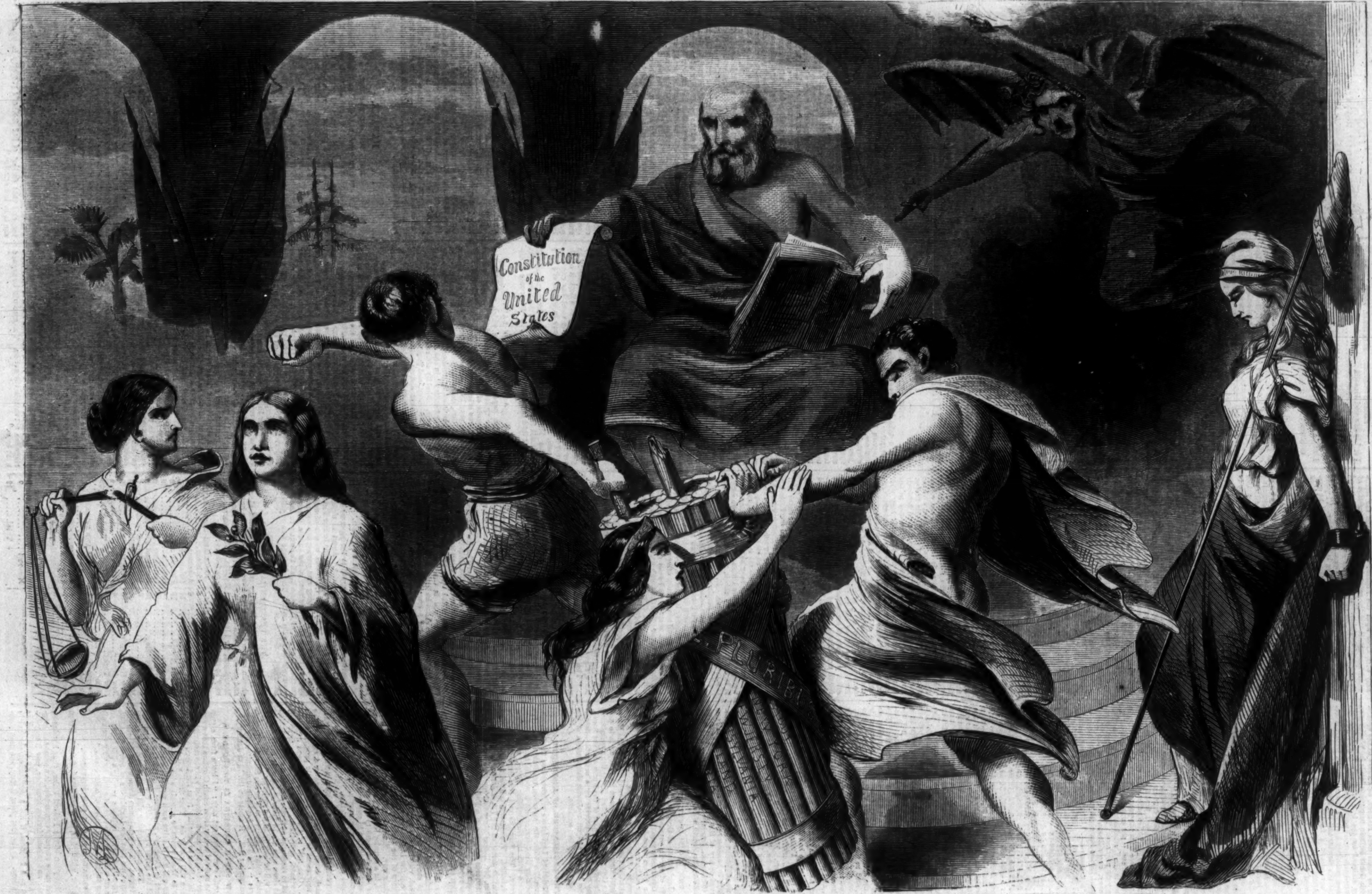
The following extracts from a private letter to the editor of the *Medical Times and Gazette*, written by a friend who has recently visited Naples, will be read with interest. The letter is dated Naples, September 27, and was received this week:

"A few days ago I was one of a party which went down to Caserta to visit the military hospital, where the wounded were brought after the unfortunate affair of Capua. We first walked in the gardens of the palace, where we were so fortunate as to come, accidentally, on a body of officers practicing rifle shooting. Among these was no less a personage than Garibaldi himself. As soon as he perceived us he came frankly forward to Mrs. W——, who had with her a large hamper of lemons and oranges for the wounded. On her requesting him to give orders that she might be admitted to the hospital, he immediately offered to escort her thither himself. A few minutes afterward the people were a little astonished to see Garibaldi drive off with an English lady and her two daughters, without any of his staff, to visit the hospital. I was perched on the box. After a ten minutes' drive we arrived at the hospital—a fine modern building to look on from without, but the wards are too small, and the ventilation is bad. As to organization, there is none. When the crowd outside knew that the General was there, they flocked into the wards in such numbers that he could hardly move about. It was a most affecting sight to see the tenderness with which the weather-beaten warrior approached the sick bed. Every one was visited in turn, and he had a few words of consolation for each individual. He laid his rough hand so kindly on the fevered brows of the most suffering that the tears started from their eyes. It was a hot, sultry day, and the air was very carefully excluded. The reason given to me on my asking why the windows were not open, was that air too freely admitted was apt to cause fever among wounded men. Of course there was no answering such a profound observation, but after a few minutes Garibaldi ordered the windows to be thrown open, Mrs. W—— having suggested to him the propriety of doing so. Before leaving the wards, where there were about sixty wounded—the most of them having been sent into Naples—Garibaldi made his secretary, who had followed him, give each patient a dollar to get any little thing he might fancy. On seeing one poor fellow very uncomfortable with a dry dressing, the usual Neapolitan one, he caused him to be properly dressed, and made some observations about using water for dressings, by which the surgeons here might profit. He asked particularly if they used chloroform during operations, and was answered in the affirmative. This is a step in advance. On the visit to the common soldiers being finished, Garibaldi went to see the officers, of whom there were about a dozen. He kissed some of them affectionately, and shook hands warmly with all, requesting every one to make known to him any wants, etc. Not one of them complained to him; but on being questioned by Mrs. W——, it was evident that there were many things required for their comfort: above all, night attendance."

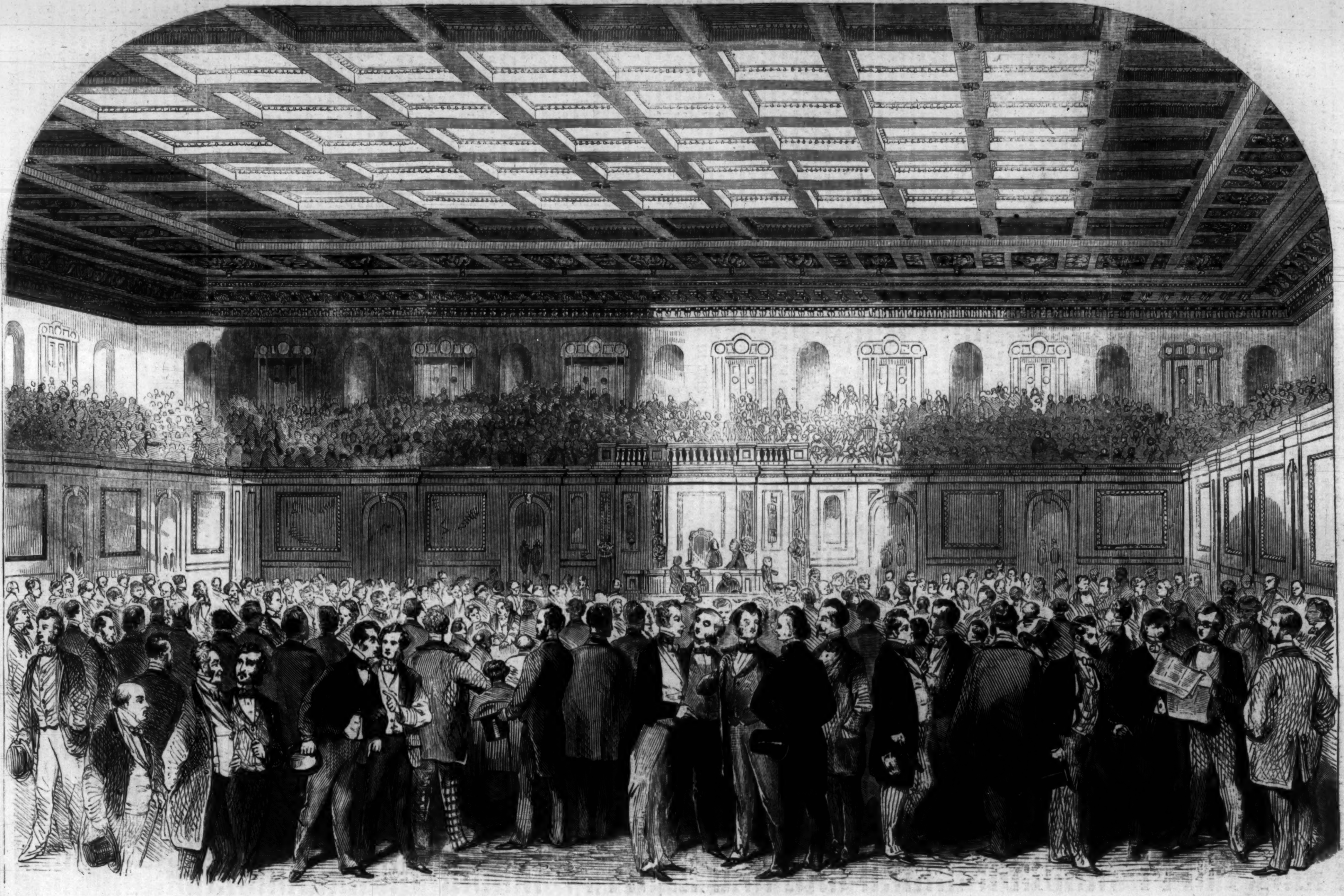
HAVANA.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.

The Havana correspondent of the New Orleans *Crescent* relates the following story: "I am not quite certain if I informed you in my last letter that early in the present week a mulatto girl, a private slave in the family of the Count of Santovenia, had thrown herself from the balcony of the residence of the Count, at the end of the Plaza de Armas, and thus committed suicide. I had heard she had been threatened to be flogged, and sent to work in the cane-field of the sugar estate, which led her to commit the fatal act. Knowing the kindliness of heart of every member of the family of the Count, my curiosity was excited to know what fault the poor girl had committed that had led her to being so threatened, and as I have heard the story, it is as follows: A young, poor, but respectable man, had been introduced into the family of the Count, in the country, last summer, and had fallen in love with a daughter of the Countess, by whom his passion was reciprocated. The Count and Countess, however, refused their consent to the union of the young people, and the result was an appeal to the Captain-General. According to Spanish law, a young lady having attained the age of maturity (16 or 18, I know not which) can marry whom she pleases, and her parents are bound to give her a certain portion of their substance as her dowry. In this case, the Captain-General sent an *escribano* (notary public) to the Count, who referred him to his wife, the mother of the young lady, who in her turn referred him to the young lady herself, who, in reply to the inquiries made of her, said yes; she was determined to marry her affianced; that no one on earth had the power nor should prevent her from fulfilling her intentions. The slave girl who destroyed herself was believed to have acted as a sort of go-between the young people, and was consequently threatened, as before stated, which led to her committing suicide. She was the lady's maid, I am told, of the Señorita; had from her infancy been treated with great kindness. The idea of being compelled to work in the field, after she had been flogged, drove her frantic, and she thus was led to take her life by violence. The Count of Santovenia has thus not only lost a favorite slave, but is in a fair way to also lose his daughter, and that portion of her mother's property to which she is by law entitled."


Constitution of the United States
PLURIBUS
NEW YORK
NEW JERSEY
PENNSYLVANIA

A RECORD OF THE DAY.



ASSEMBLING OF CONGRESS, HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON CITY, DECEMBER 3, 1860.

IN THE INDIAN SUMMER.

THIS is the anniversary of a period in my life when in one year I sprang from youth to full manhood—from callow years to the rich experience and ripe fruition of older men. If incidents mark lives, then is mine deeply marked.

It was the Indian Summer—fit season for that time which rimmed my life about with a shining circlet of love. Every day that I passed in the society of Leoné, every bright morning that dawned warm and lustrous in the east, clasped tighter the bonds I wore for her, and bound closer the chain whose links I follow along now with pride and joy. These words, then, are only the testimony I bear to the memory of a pure, true-hearted, noble woman. I lived at her mother's, and passed there the early years when all life seems spring-time, when birds and blossoms continually sing, continually bloom. Away to the east the river shouted boisterously in its course; *it* joined its bridegroom, the sea.

I shouted too.

Along its marge the crimson maples and the saffron-tinged oaks put on their royal robes, and waited for the wind to woo them. They laughed with delight at its coming, and welcomed it with tremulous shiverings; then laid all their particolored ornaments in its lap. So all nature wedded. The sun, coursing through the mild heavens, bloomed large and lustrous like a mellow peach; *it* married the purple mountain-tops at earliest flush of day. The arrowy flights of wild-fowl streamed in long ranges through the air, and, with new companions, sought warmer climes. The neighbors, near and far, sent up their sons and daughters to the altar, and they went crimson and smiling away.

Through all the changes of the year I asked myself, is this to be my lot too? I asked it of the wind and of the river; but the wind only sighed, and the river only gurgled low and sadly. Unfortunately, the constant society of my lady, the freshness of her heart, and the sweetness of her nature, added to the plainness of her face, made a deep impression on me, and time strengthening this feeling, made me look upon marriage with her as the highest of all earthly destinies. The fact of a temporal separation of a few months rather deepened than subtracted from the views I had formed; on the contrary, the esteem—I will be honest, and say *love*—the love I had for Leoné deepened, until the day of return was gladly welcomed. On reaching home I found another inmate; he was introduced as an "old friend." As I never had the right to question Leoné as to her intimates and associates, I could not do so in this case; so, with increasing alarm, I stood aloof and looked on. This "old friend" made long visits and came often. At last he went away, as I thought, finally. He had been intimate, but not tender; devoted, but not ardent. He was, in short, but the conventional old friend.

As there seemed no possible impediment in the way, why should I not measure my strength against that of the old friend's? Where he then was commonplace, to my mind, I became brilliant; where he was spoony, I talked true sentiment, always to my mind; and where he had been tedious and unbearable, there was I irresistible and making rapid headway. I do not now remember that I ever struck the hand in friendship, after the manner of modern writers, and became surety with the old friend for Leoné's regard, or that I made pledge or promise of any sort. He went upon his way in the world, and I upon mine. His road, I said inwardly to myself, because of his indifference to Leoné, lay through valleys and flat plains; but I, high in the conscious appreciation of her truth and purity, was a visitor of mountain-tops and air-piercing summits.

I remember peculiarly the sweet smile of assent this lady, Leoné, gave me when I proposed, one evening, to read the stories of Charles Dickens aloud. At that encouragement we began those works, and never ceased our practice until they were ended. As the rapid days and nights sped away, so also flew the year and the season—so also went the glory of the dying, now dead, fall—until the genial lamp of the sun shed no more mellowness nor yet fruition upon the sombre, shrinking world; until the harlequin forest shed its motley garb and moaned piteously for its levity. With the outer change there came also an inner one. The old friend left no sign or trail behind him of his presence, and I called the whole hope of life mine. If I may indulge one idle whim for a moment, and look back, I will say that some years in life are as sharply cut and defined as the face of a statue. How blank and cold the features of that old friend stand revealed! and oh, how warm and ruddy the light of the associations which discover him! I did a fatal thing; I overrated my own strength, and despised that of the enemy. But as I could not always live in anticipation of happiness, I fully resolved, each day, to hear from Leoné what disposition she would make of the whole lifetime that lay twisting and turning in all its mazy windings at her control. So I said, one evening when Leoné rallied my sober appearance (I was revolving the matter then as usual), and questioned me as to its cause—I said that it was because of the love I bore her.

She had been sewing previously. The needle stopped in the seam; the thread, twisted about her forefinger, hung in idle loops. "You must not say that," she said, slowly, and looking gravely but tenderly at me.

"And why," I spoke, "why may I not say it?" (Oh, old friend! old friend! is your shadow near?)

"Did you not see my old friend B——?"

"I saw him—yes."

Leoné regarded me steadfastly and earnestly a second, then carefully put her work aside, and took me by the hand—how its touch ran from my heart up to my throat, and with its velvet clasp threatened to choke me! "Come with me," she said; and I went with her. She went to her private room, and entering it, bade me follow her in. As I crossed the sacred threshold she locked the door and put the key in her pocket, saying, "You see what confidence I place in you."

I, dumb with sorrow, amazement, and I know not what countless emotions, could only feebly smile. A fire blazed upon the hearth, and long-necked toilet-bottles stood grim sentries upon the dressing-table. The shadows of the fickle flames made fierce lunges at each other. Leoné went to a drawer, opened it, and took out a picture of the old friend—such my coward heart told me it was before my hands clasped it. She put it into my hands, not with a refinement of cruelty, but with a sentiment of implicit faith and truth.

"This face"—so my lady spoke—"is that of my destined husband. We have been long engaged, so long that it is a matter of course to the family, and we never speak of it. Have you never heard it?"

"As I shall be one day judged," I said, "I never heard of it;" and I rose to leave the room. "Pardon the mistake, and forget this incident."

Leoné came hurriedly forward. "I am my own mistress," she said, "and my husband acknowledges it and trusts me. Before you go, and we part, let me tell you how high and noble your conduct has been"—she was so kind as to say that—"and what a proud and a happy thing it is for me to know that such an one has spoken to me as you have spoken." I bowed down very low. "But, dear ——, your mind and heart, though it may not forget me, will see the justness to yourself of relinquishing all hopes that may have been formed." I said that I saw it. "You will yet be happier with another than you ever can be with me."

Leoné was older than I; but in that hour and from that time my age was far greater than the sum of many years. I lingered a little as she said the last words. It was paradise which I was leaving—why might I not look back? My lady stood leaning with one hand upon an arm-chair. The fire yet burned; the blaze yet flickered: but oh! under the white ashes in my face what dead coals leaped again into flame! As the dear, pitying face stood there I thought the sad, silent room held no fairer picture in all its rich adornment than she. So, slowly, I was withdrawing; but her voice sounded and bade me stop. She came toward me, and the rustle of her dress was plain and bewildering as I, in a trance, heard her say, "Because you have done me this honor, I also honor you." And Leoné kissed me broad upon the forehead.

Then I went out.

I bear the stamp of purity upon my brow. Look, all men, and see the seal a pure and true-hearted woman has set upon it. Now and henceforth I wear a talisman against the wiles and deceits of the devil. The Indian Summer yet blooms; the leaves still fade and fall; the skies are mellow and serene; within the arches of the woods the nuts patter softly upon the leaves; the fruits of the year hang red and full upon the boughs; so in the summer of my heart the long, long days I spent with Leoné hang ripening for the autumn of my life.

THE OLD HOUSE IN THE FIVE POINTS.

NOT long ago there was an old house, in one of the most filthy and noisy streets in the Five Points, which had not been known to have one of its windows opened or its door unbarred for thirty years. The walls had become gray with shabby age, the glass in the window-frames had all been broken out, and the shutters were spattered with mud. Never a light shone out from it at night, never a step or voice was heard in it by day. If by chance a venturesome urchin peeped in at a keyhole, he shrank away, silent and chilled by the bare and mysterious solitude of the place. No children sat upon its mildewed stoop, mothers quickened their pace as they passed it by, and clasped their infants closer, for every one knew though few said that murder had been done within its walls, and that upon its floor was a stain that had never come out in all that time.

In those days, nearly forty years since, I was a young and almost unknown lawyer, and, in fact, had never yet taken a brief, although a little chamber practice had been given me. I used to feel a little out of spirits at times on account of the slow progress I was making, and got into a habit of thinking life rather a tedious affair. Sitting one evening in this frame of mind, and with a sort of resigned air, counting the few dollars the day had brought forth, I was startled by a low, hurried knock at the door, and the quick entrance of a young woman, closely vailed, though, as I saw afterward, of considerable beauty. She seemed greatly agitated, and, handing her a chair, I was obliged to wait until the words which her trembling lips could hardly form became intelligible.

"Sir," said she, at length, "you are a lawyer; I saw you in the court to-day: save him, oh, save him from certain, miserable, shameful death!"

I begged her to be calm, and to be more explicit. I had, it was true, been in court that day, and had seen part of a case which struck me as odd, though I had not thought long upon the subject. It now seemed that I was to be made acquainted with the particulars—which I condense from the young woman's words and knowledge afterward gathered.

Silas Thornton was a wealthy old man, living alone in a house in the Five Points. He was a mean and sordid miser, whose whole heart and soul and strength were centred in the love of money—a love that had driven out of him almost every human feeling, and made him starve his wife, drive his son out of doors, rob if he could safely, grind the faces of the poor, crawl to the rich, and become hated, despised, and feared by every being with whom he had to do. I said he was alone. But an old woman kept his house for him—a toothless, wrinkled, crouching old creature, whose bleared eyes seemed to have lost every spark of intelligence, and whose mumbling voice never formed a word that man could understand. But she locked all the doors when her master was out, ate nothing apparently, never bought clothes, but wore the old rags, was deaf and could hear no secrets, was near dumb and could tell none. She used to sit, cowering over the nearly cold stove, night and day, until one might have wondered whether the bundle of rags she was was alive or dead. I spoke, too, of a son. He was a wild, open-hearted fellow enough, and as generous, doubtless, as his father was avaricious. Such a home was no place for him, and he had gone away years before to sea, leaving behind, with many tears and lover's vows, a young girl—she who sat before me now.

Upon an evening in that week the son had suddenly and unexpectedly returned from sea. It was stated by the neighbors who saw him that he made his appearance in the evening, and that, after knocking at the door for some time, he was admitted, only after some hesitation, by the old woman. Certainly the prospect was not very cheering for him, as, when he had before darkened that portal, he had been bidden never to return. The engagement to the young girl was alone reason enough of discord in the old man's mind, he fearing that he might be called upon to provide for his son's household. And now he was almost obliged to force himself into his father's presence, uncertain whether he would not immediately be thrust forth. Nothing more was said of the young man's appearance, as the door was not seen to open again. And with some few speculations as to the reception the old miser would extend to his son, and criticisms upon his rough and uncouth bearing, the neighbors went about their business.

Next day there was a rumor that something was wrong in the old man's house. Long after the hour when the shutter of the room where the old man often sat was usually opened, it remained closed. This in itself, one would think, need have excited no actual alarm, but there was something so uncommon in his habits that he was more closely watched than other people. There was an undefined feeling that something was wrong. None could tell how or why, but a sort of dread began to creep over people; and by the middle of the day quite a crowd had gathered in front of the house, scrutinizing the windows, and talking in whispers of the miser and his son's return. The patrolman, however, would not take any steps to see if any thing was amiss, and so the day passed over. But next day the mystery became unbearable; and, as we Americans do not stand upon much ceremony in cases of emergency, a few bold spirits burst the door open, and entered the house. But the boldest of them walked gently, and peered anxiously before them, as they saw what a dreary, tomb-like place they had invaded. And their minds were almost prepared to find, as they did, the old man dead on the floor in his room.

He had been dead many hours. As he lay on his face, the blood from his battered head and gashed throat stood in congealed pools about him. The place was in great disorder, but there were no evidences of any struggle. He had evidently been struck down where he sat, and then the murder completed as he lay insensible. His keys were in his pockets, and upon his desk a cash-box lay untouched, as were also many articles of value stowed away in strong boxes. Upon the floor was a heavy and formidable walking-staff, its head smeared with blood and hair. Where was the old woman? She was found in the kitchen, in her old attitude—nor did she utter a word when questioned. And where was the son? He was not in the house; but the stick was the same that a score of people had seen in his hand when he knocked at his father's door not many hours before!

Police regulations were not so perfect in New York in those days as they are now, but it was not long before the son was captured. He was found walking with his sweet-heart on the Battery—then a beautiful place—and both were locked up. He struggled hard at first; but she begged him not to drive the officers to use force, and he submitted, saying that they should pay for detaining him. But his free heart sank when he was told of the charge, and of the evidence furnished by the club and his visit to his father, as well as by the notoriously bad terms on which they had lived. When, too, left for the night in darkness, the full reality of his danger rose before his mind, and he was cowed. The girl had been set free—there was no need to shut her up in prison—but with the first blush of morning she was back, begging to be let in to him to take whose life was to kill her. Next day the young man was committed for trial, as was inevitable, and it was upon the evening of that day that his sweet-heart came to me, as I have already described.

These being the facts, I saw that they presented much difficulty. Whether the young man was guilty or not, none but One above knew—unless indeed the wretched piece of humanity who lived with the murdered man could tell any thing, or knew any thing to tell. Perhaps the worst circumstance in the case was that a man who lived next door heard loud voices about an hour after the son had been let into the house. One voice was that of the old man, the other that of the prisoner, who seemed to speak as if highly exasperated. The sound had ceased suddenly, and soon afterward the *back* door was opened, as he knew by the sound, and he heard heavy steps passing down the passage leading thence into another street.

Reader, I honestly told the weeping girl that the evidence looked black, and that, though I would do my best for her lover, I feared the worst. For the present she must leave me; I would collect my thoughts.

I sat in my room hour after hour, revolving this strange deed in my mind; but the longer I thought the more I feared that, though the murder was most likely unpremeditated, it might have been the result of passion called forth by the sense of old wrongs and present harshness. At last, however, I decided upon my plan of action, and proceeded to carry it out forthwith.

In the first place, I visited the prisoner. Although my youthful faith in the science of physiognomy had been much shaken by many cases in which innocent faces had given the lie to black hearts which had brought youth and age together side by side in the courts which I frequented, I was anxious to study the face and manner of this youth. I wished to *believe* him innocent. I should work all the better, perhaps; and if his face seemed ruffianly or treacherous, I should certainly work none the less heartily, for it was my first criminal case. He was sitting down as I entered, but rose immediately, and, stepping forward promptly, offered his hand frankly, like a man. I took it as promptly; the action seemed to show that no stain of blood was upon it. And as I remarked the cheerful though serious manner in which he spoke of his position, and the broken voice in which he hoped God would be good to him for his poor Mary's sake, I found my eyes becoming dim, and felt a rising choke in my throat.

His story was this. As I knew before, he had just returned from seven years at sea. Money he had acquired, and did not intend to ask his father for any. His sole object, as he said, was to make peace; and if he could not gain a hearty consent to his long-postponed marriage, at least to know that it had become a matter of little interest to the old man. Absence, too, had obliterated or softened down much of the asperity with which he had left home; like many others, when he fell among strangers he had yearned for the bare, comfortless home of his young days. Trying to blame himself and to excuse his father for much that had passed between them, he turned his steps toward the old house, with something like love for his parent stirring in his heart. He knocked at the door, timidly at first, and then long and loudly. At last a slow, shuffling step came along the echoing passage, and lock after lock and bolt after bolt being slowly unfastened, the well-remembered face of the old woman peered forth from the still chained door.

"I want to see my father," said he.

And the old woman, locking the door upon him, again shuffled back with his message. Thrice was it disregarded, and thrice the son begged to be let in; and at last he was conducted into the prison-like room of his father. The old man did not raise his eyes from his account-book for some time. At last, slowly closing the book, putting his spectacles carefully into their case, and thrusting both hands into his pockets, he suddenly wheeled round in his chair, and in his harshest tones demanded what the young man wanted.

"Nothing," was the reply.

"Then why come here?" was the loving response.

"I thought you might like to see your son," was the answer to this greeting.

"No, I would that I should never see your face again. Go!" said his father.

The young man tried long and earnestly to soften his father's heart toward him, but to no purpose. Old Thornton only grew exasperated, and began to shout and swear at his son as if possessed.

"Be off! travel! You're like your mother, with her baby face and spaniel's whining! Travel, I say! or I'll beat this book about your head, old as I am!"

And so the son saw that his home was never to be reopened to him, his father never to be a parent to him, and he turned to go.

"Father," said he, as he stood for the last time upon the threshold, "You think I come for money—I know you love it—but I do not. Shall I come again to-morrow?"

"Look here!" said Silas, with a quiet grin, "I hate you—I hated your mother—I hate every body—and I love gold; it's the only friend a man has. If you say you don't covet it, you lie! I'll keep it till I die; and then, if old Madge is alive, she shall have it all; if she's dead, I'll bury it twenty yards deep, if these old hands can do the job."

Young Thornton left the room without another word. As he did so, he was surprised to see that old Madge had been listening; but she seemed so mummy-like that he did not think of it. She was so insensible to his voice that she would not open the front-door for him, and he departed by the back-door, as he had done hundreds of times when a boy. And that was all my client knew of the last days of Silas Thornton, as he protested to me with tears in his eyes, and, I thought, truth in every tone and look.

I bade the prisoner be of good cheer, though my heart misgave me as I thought of the difficulties with which he was surrounded; and I left him. The first step was to secure the old woman; that had already been done, and she was safe in the House of Detention. The next was to see her, which I at once proceeded to do. To my surprise, she presented a very different appearance from that which she had worn on the preliminary trial of the day before. Then she was insensible to sound or look; now she seemed vivacious, and eager almost to converse on the dreadful subject. After some general observations, she asked where Master Henry (the prisoner) was? I told her.

"Did my master make a will?" said she.

"Not that I know of," said I; "but you should know all about that."

And I put into my face a look of confidential friendship.

"Ay, true, true, true," she absently returned. "But"—and she became again alive, and carefully watched my face—"you seem to know *something* about it?"

"Well," said I, "I don't tell *all* I know *at first*. You are a lucky woman, Madge."

Oh! what a change in her face then!

"That's so! 'Lucky, lucky, lucky Madge!' I say to myself, night and day, night and day. Good for me. Ah, ha! I knew it would come to this, and it has. I haven't studied it over so long for nothing. Good, good, good for old Madge! She's lucky; and, stranger, she's clever too. D'ye mind that?"

I *did* mind that, and I told her so, but with a smile of approval that made me blush as I put it on.

"Yes," whispered she, with a chuckle between the words, "*I'm his heir.* Look here, Mister Lawyer! You're young and fond of pleasure, ain't you? *I* was once. Well, I shall want a *young* lawyer, *fond of pleasure*, and *poor*—d'ye mark me? *poor*—in a few days. Ha, ha! When old Thornton's *buried*, and that cub of a son of his hung, come to me, lawyer—I shall *want* you. D'ye mind me? I shall be rich; you are poor, poor—young men always are—it's only old men and women that get rich. But be sure and wait"—and the old hag thrust her wrinkled face close to mine—"wait till old Thornton's buried, and his cub of a son hung."

This strange talk startled me much, for it might be the raving of madness or the babbling of age. She ceased talking, however, after this outburst, nor could I obtain a particle of evidence exculpating the son. The only thing I could get out of her was either vacant looks, or a hideous grin, and a gesture of secrecy, or a whisper to "wait."

Silas Thornton was buried, and the preparations for trying whether his son should be hung came on swiftly. I had not a particle more evidence to offer. The old woman had again relapsed into silence, and would not speak to a soul. Nothing could be brought forward in the prisoner's favor, while against him stood the damning facts of the stick, the ill-will, the quarrel, and the apparently secret exit from the house. And so the trial came on.

I pass over the many agonizing interviews between the prisoner and the young girl. Why describe them? The walls of every prison cell have at times given back dull echoes of father's, mother's, lover's, or sister's grief, poured out before loved but lost ones, the secrets of whose hearts are known but to Him who is the searcher of hearts. Ah! there is many a fountain of love opened by the stroke of misfortune, which would have proved a well-spring of life if unsealed earlier, and while the young and untried spirit was blindly seeking for the promised land.

And so the trial came on.

It was a fair day, and the solemn aspect of the court seemed almost wicked, I thought, in the face of nature's loveliness. It should have been a day of clouds and storms upon which to try a man for his life. "Henry Thornton," at length said the clerk, and the prisoner was brought in. At the same moment a heavy staff, stained with hair and blood, was laid on the clerk's table, and a plan of the miser's house placed beside it. An object done up in rags almost, it seemed, was propped up in a corner of the witness-box, and people wondered what it could be. A slender form, also, drooped at my side dressed in black, and people knew that it was the prisoner's betrothed. He himself saw all, and a shade of doubt—not fear—passed over him. But a vail was raised for a moment, and from the face under it shone out such a beam of sunlight that the shadow vanished and he sat down. Hundreds saw the look, and hundreds said under their breath, "How young they both look!"

The first, second, third, and fourth witnesses were called. They had to prove the knocking and admittance of the young man, and to identify the stick. They all did it clearly; and the prisoner said, with a bow, that what they said was true.

Then came the man next door, who had heard the quarreling, as he thought, and the footsteps leaving the house by the back way. His testimony was admitted, also, by the prisoner, as correct in every particular. There *were* loud voices; they *were* those of his father and himself; he *did* go away by the back door.

Next came the evidence of the police, and those who first entered the house. All was clear. Even *their* testimony was unquestionable—the stick *did* belong to the prisoner.

Next came the old woman. She was, or pretended to be, perfectly imbecile and as deaf as a post, and was soon told to stand down. As she turned to go out of the box, "Oh, he is lost, he is lost!" sobbed the girl at my side, and "He is lost!" said in effect an awe-struck murmur around the court.

But neither the girl, nor the prisoner, nor the judge, nor the people saw the glance which the old woman threw at me. I arose calmly, as one who feels *power* within him.

"One word more, Madge," said I, very gently, and she came back. "The prisoner seemed agitated when he came in at the door, didn't he, Madge?"

"He was mad with his father for keeping him waiting," she promptly responded.

Every breath in court was held, and the judge took a dip of ink as he stared to see this sudden making of the dumb to speak.

"Did they quarrel any, Madge, when he came in?"

"All the time he was there," said she.

"Well—just so—it's important to *prove* that they quarreled, you see, Madge. How do you *know* that they quarreled *all the time*?" said I, in my blandest tones.

"Because I listened," said she, with a sort of sly laugh.

"Why did you listen, Madge?—did you fear mischief?"

"Yes, I not only feared but I *knew* what was coming; but—but—oh yes! I remember I went away down stairs *before it was done*, don't you understand, Counselor?—*before it was done.*"

"Now, Madge, one more question, and that is all. Don't be alarmed; it's only one question: When old Thornton was down on the floor—"

"Ay, he *was* down on the floor," said she.

"With his head smashed in with that stick—" added I.

"That stick—smashed in: yes, that was it," she replied, almost in a whisper.

"Are you listening, Madge?" added I, softly—very softly.

"Yes, yes; go on; I hear every word. He's young and poor—poor," she said, vacantly.

"Then," shouted I, with all my power; "then *what did you do with the knife you cut his throat with?*"

Could that thing have been human which fell in a heap upon the floor, and tore and plucked at itself, and shrieked and yelled? It was no fiend; it was old Madge, whose words thrilled through the court.

"*I* killed him! *I* killed him! *I* killed him! Look up the chimney. Ha, ha! I was too clever for him! What did he promise to marry me for, forty years ago? What did he starve me for? What did he curse me for, every day? He said he'd make a lady of me; so he has—I've got his money; and *I* knocked his head, and *I* cut his throat, and I'd have torn his old face if I hadn't kissed it many a time, forty years ago."

Raving thus she was carried out of court, while the crowd sent up shout after shout of gladness; and the prisoner—a prisoner no longer—took a fainting form in his arms, and begged the people to give her air for God's sake!

Old Madge lived some years after this, a perfect lunatic. Never once did a ray of intellect again illumine that aged face. There were some who pitied her, and said that she may have loved the man she murdered, and anyhow it was certain that he had not used her well. But most people forgot all about her and the miser's death; and the old house was the only token left of the deed.

It was not long ago that I found myself traveling over the Western prairie, on my way to the homestead of a friend, who had come all the way to New York to fetch me. As we rode along, watching the red waves of light sinking below an ocean of grass, dented by the hoofs of buffaloes, and spangled with millions of gay flowers, we talked long of matters gone by and the present circumstances in which we found ourselves.

"She is happy as the day is long," said he; "and we have four fine children. Every thing prospers with us."

"Do you ever speak of your father's death?" said I.

"Never," said he. "We used to now and then at first, but we thought it best to try and forget it, and his fate is never mentioned now. And I am glad the old house in the Five Points is pulled down."

LOVE.

PASS the hand once again over the glossy black hair, silken and soft as a raven's breast. Wind the cord of the satin slipper round the ankle and cross it up on the snow-clad instep. Stoop, touch the hem of the floating muslin and give it the last careful adjustings. Up the avenue of trees from the outer gate by the graveled road comes the sound of wheels. The hum of voices rises like incense to the bride's chamber from the drawing-rooms and parlor, liquid with light, with bright eyes, and joyous features. Below, the crowd is tremulous and shifting like the shadows of bending grain-fields—waiting, expectant. Is the necklace of pearls lying smoothly upon the virgin neck? Is the one white flower, gleaming out from the coal-black tresses, pure and rich like a spark of love in the night of life? Let the bride stand away a little while you take, in one full glance, the queenly figure in its clouds of snowy mist from which glances the flesh-tint of arm and neck, the peach-bloom of cheek, the crimson of lip, and the diamond sparkle of the soul-full eye. There! It is all finished. The bridal vail clings with its silver fingers to as fair a brow as ever approached the altar, sweeping thence, graceful and airy as a film of light, or a swoop of thought.

Four years ago—and she is yet young—Ella plighted her troth to Albert C——. He had leaned over the wall, against which the currant and raspberry bushes were pushing their crimson or purple clusters, and said:

"Ella, I am going away now."

"Where?" And the young girl's eyes turned aside that he might not look into them, while her fingers were very busy with roses at her feet whose thorns brought little globules of blood upon them.

"To South America—to be gone a year." When Ella looked up to his face her own features were calm, but under her eyes there were little spots of paleness; and though she had been stooping, her forehead was white as marble. Her lips, too, were less crimson, and her eyes were cold, as if she would hold them from speaking.

"Do you care?"

"Yes, I care very much;" and she gave the young man a leaf over the garden-wall, saying: "I shall care as long as you keep that."

"Ella"—and the young man looked earnestly into eyes that were beginning to glisten with tears—"this wall is between us now; if I come back brave and resolute and loving as I go away, may I come over the wall and take you in my arms?"

He got no answer, but the head drooped and the hands trembled till the rose-leaves in them vibrated as though shaken by the wind.

"If your heart says 'yes,' kiss me over the wall."

The girl came close to the bulwark of stone, pressing the juices from many a brilliant berry, and tiptoeing there, with tears gushing from her eyes and bathing the vine-leaves that clung to the rock, held her warm lips to his and gave him the sweetest kiss of his life.

"Bless you, darling!"

And Albert walked away with a sense of untold possessions, with a feeling of almost limitless power in his own right arm.

Four, five, six months, each with a letter in its hand, strode along the trail of the year, and each dropped the wee thing into her lap. What brimfull letters! Never, in Ella's eyes, were letters so eloquent and beautiful. Brave words, gentle words, loving words, beauty of sentiment, greatness of thought, wealth of imagery, light, grace, gallantry, love—all these met and mingled on the closely-written, multitudinous pages. They came like breezes; and, sweeping through the harpstrings of her woman nature, kept her life full of music, with vibrations which never forgot their trembling till restruck by the ever-recurring months.

Ella's heart came to be a magical chamber, into which she could at any time call a pale but lighted intellectual face, and a slight but manly figure. She could see the changes of his countenance there, the play of emotion, the shimmer of hope, the flash of resolution, the repose of duty and dignity.

Seven, eight, nine months—Albert is coming home. Home! Sooner than she had dared to hope. Bound, little heart! dream, light and loving eye! Why have all things grown so beautiful? Are men and women really happier and more kind? Is the song of Willie—the Willie with bright feathers and arched neck—is his song sweeter and more musical? Is Ella's chamber more handsome and rich? Is the very sunlight brighter? Or is this the light of love and expectancy in the girl's given heart reflecting golden glory upon all things visible, and adding molten notes to all familiar sounds?

The ship touched the wharf in the morning; and, after a little while, somebody was taken along the road by the row of elms in a carriage which swayed upon airy springs, and in which were pillows. Ella sat in her window and watched it with tearful fear as it wound up the hill, now hidden by the limbs and leaves, now visible through the openings. It was a long way off; but Ella recognized the features and flowing hair.

Albert had come home to die. All through the summer months his strength fled in vapors—invisible as those that go up from the sea to the clouds, but as real. Ella watched the increasing brightness of his eyes, reading and talking by his side with him in his feeble walks among the garden flowers. She sat by his bedside while he lay more feeble and pale, waiting. And by-and-by she went out from the still, sick room, her work done, her betrothed gone, and only the riven temple of his young life left in the dear, sad room.

Ella's father and mother were dead. If ever the cold meaning of that word "alone" swept like a chill wind through the halls of a heart, it was now.

But bread and raiment must be earned. One, two, three long years the poor girl floated upon the uncertainties and trials of womanly effort against odds, experience, and competition. And all the while tears came often to her eyes, and often moistened her cheek, falling thence upon cambric, thread, and needle, upon pencil and board, upon flaxen heads and begrimed little hands, in the weary school-room. Is there no rest from this life-long, weary loneness? Will there never be such a word for her as "home?" Is life to be spent in ceaseless, unrequited labor, with no rest for the tired feet, with no spot to die in? Are maiden friendships to be formed only to be broken when some winning heart calls for a mate and takes her away, leaving Ella more alone by far than ever before? Is she to be always floating, washed hither and thither, alone?

One day a worthy man, heavy with sense, untrammeled by sentiment, asked the question, "Will you be my wife?" He knew the girl's experience; but he wanted her hand, and such love as might be spared.

"I will keep your house, and call it my home. I will care for you in health and in sickness; will lean upon you for support and protection; will be as good a wife as I can."

He was content with that.

The crowd is gone. The dying rumble of the last wheels has floated up the avenue. The bride is in her chamber again. And while the chatty maids unpin the bridal vail, loose the bands of her tresses till they fall in dark wealth upon white shoulders, and unwind the band of the silver slippers, she sits with hands folded in her lap, eyes bent upon the carpet at her feet, and thoughts hovering in a past peopled with images of the pale, expressive face, whose light first kindled love in her fresh young heart, and made life beautiful.

Soften the tones of your merry voices; let there be silence now and then; for a sad panorama is unfolding in the chambers of the sweet bride's memory—the kiss and the tears at the garden-wall, the brimming letters, the sad but loving return, the fading strength and the growing spiritual light, the last fond glance, the cold room, the fall of earth upon the coffin-lid, the desolate return.

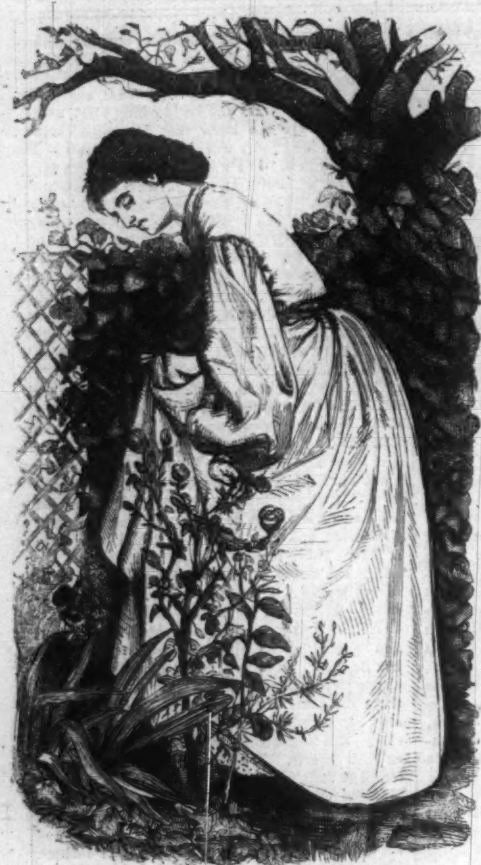
Strange that the lightest revelry and the deepest sadness thus meet and mingle in one hour of life!

SHE WISHED TO BE SOMETHING.

DOWN at Montauban lived a pretty, graceful, intelligent, but wholly uneducated little girl, known simply by the name of Marie-Olympe. Some said she was the daughter of Louis the Fifteenth; but her blood was not quite so "blue" as that. A certain nameless grisette, and the grave, devout, austere Marquis de Pompignan—the Catholic writer par excellence, the inexorable enemy of Voltaire and the Encyclopedists, whose morals were as irreproachable as his lineage, and whose pride was as intense as his piety—knew more about the birth of that little Marie than King or Kaiser. The secret was well kept, and never reached Voltaire's ears, else the whole world would have rung with the scandal. Not knowing how to read or write, but quick and very promising, Marie-Olympe, when fifteen, was married to a certain M. Aubry, a retired traiteur, with sixty thousand pounds, and old enough to be her grandfather. He had the complaisance to die before the bridal year was out, leaving Marie a very wealthy and very lovely widow of sixteen, burning with curiosity to turn her back on virtuous, dull Montauban, and see the world. And she saw the world. She locked up the eating-house, and carried her sixteen years and her flashing black eyes to Paris, where she knew that her money, her youth, and her beauty would be sure to give her a brilliant success. She was right. Paris fêted and praised her without stint, and gave her lovers without number. The next fourteen years of her life were passed in one round of dissipation and gallantry. But the day came when the graces of sixteen were lost in the deepening lines of thirty, and the love which had blazed so fiercely now burned itself out like blackened straw. Olympe de Gouges—for she, too, changed her name, and sank the plebeian Aubry—hung on to the world of gallantry as long as it would have her; when, fairly abandoned, she gave herself up to the world of literature. She wrote dramas and plays, or rather she dictated them to her secretary—for she could not write, even then; and she deluged the Comédie Française with her wretched productions. Her great ambition was to have one of her pieces acted on the boards of Molière's theatre. It was in vain that she bribed the principal actors, fed the committee, wept and prayed, complimented, persecuted, and resented: they would have none of her. Now, it was a superb orange-tree, by which she would win a favorable verdict; now, a turkey stuffed with truffles; now, a group in porcelain—Apollo and the Muses—for M. Molé's sideboard. All in vain: they accepted her presents and rejected her pieces, ate her turkey and cut up her dramas. Olympe was not daunted. As fast as one piece was refused she composed another, to share the same fate, until, wearied and exasperated, she bearded the awful committee in full conclave—this time without flatteries or bribes to soften their hearts. The committee was not accustomed to indignities from its slaves; the name of Madame Olympe de Gouges was angrily erased from the register; her pieces were returned, and an end was put to all intercourse between her and the Comédie Française. Olympe was furious. She wrote and intrigued, and exhaled her despair in violent threats, till she became the standing nuisance of the time. M. de Beaumarchais suffered from her severity; and, as her abuse of her opponents was not always measured, it was no pleasant thing to fall into her hands. Every where she was repulsed, every where disappointed, until at last she thought better of her quarrel, and humbled herself to the powers. Vanquished by her tears, Molé took her part in the committee, and a reconciliation was effected, by which she was reinstated to exactly the same place as before the quarrel. This truce instantly brought on the devoted heads of the committee two new pieces. Olympe used to compose a drama in about forty-eight hours; and again and again other dramas poured in in quick succession. The Comédie Française accepted her now as a chronic malady, and courteously declined her pieces without reading them. At last Olympe wrote a book, wherein she gave all the details of her bribes and flatteries, and crying out in despair, "Oh, if I had been a man, what blood I would have shed! what ears I would have cut!"

But graver events were preparing in France, and Olympe de Gouges was startled, like Cubières, from her dreams of Fame, by the cannon of the Revolution. Here was a wider field for her. She flung herself impetuously into the movement, writing to a nation now, instead of to a committee, and demanding speech of the Assembly instead of a play-house audience. She asked to be allowed to defend "Louis Capet" together with Malesherbes—a demand which, it is scarcely necessary to add, was rejected by the Convention as unhesitatingly as her dramas by the Comédie Française. She then essayed a piece for the "Theatre of the Republic," a wretched daub of a thing, full of marches and countermarches and military evolutions, "to suit the taste of the times;" introducing among the prominent characters people then living—Dumouriez, young Egalité, the Demoiselles Fernig, and others. The republican audience relished her as little as the royalist committee had done. They hissed. In the midst of that terrible sound Mademoiselle Candeille came to the foot-lights to give the name of the author, when a woman, breathless, wild, disheveled, crazed, rushed to the front of the boxes, screaming, "Citizens, you demand the author—here she is! It is I, Olympe de Gouges! If you have not found the piece good, it is because the actors have played it horribly!" This was more than flesh and blood could bear. The actors protested that they had done their best, and the audience took their parts. Some hissed, some followed her through the lobbies with jeers and insults, some demanded back their money; and poor Olympe had enough to do to escape this outburst. But she obstinately held her own: the play was performed once more, and then the condemnation was so unmistakable that she was obliged to give way, and content herself with publishing a long accusatory account, which is not one of the least curious documents of the period. Beaten back from the ranks of the drama, how was she to feed that mad ambition of hers? how find place and action for her insatiable desires? Literature had failed her, like love; but politics were still open. She must be doing something, the more wild and mad the better; she must be fighting, now that she was not held worth the loving; so she turned against Robespierre, as the most prominent object in her way. She wrote and spoke against the despot with her usual reckless impetuosity—at a time when no man in France dared raise his voice against him. Robespierre quietly replied by a decree of death, and poor mad, feverish Olympe de Gouges laid her head on the scaffold, as the best resting-place her ambition could provide her with.

"Fatal desire of renown!" she was heard to whisper softly to herself, while taking her last look of the Boulevards trees. "I wished to be something!"



"I COULD REND THE FLOWER THAT THOU DOST PLUCK."

NON SATIS.

'Tis not enough to see thee, like a star
That rises on our sight when eve is clear,
Which all may view—but all must view afar.
'Tis not enough to watch thee, as the moon
Gazes on earth with steadfast face, but ne'er
May voice with voice exchange and intertune.

'Tis not enough to meet thee as by chance
In lighted rooms, and feign a cold repose—
Whereas I tremble to thy slightest glance.
'Tis not enough to cross thee in the glare
Of day, when serried friends thy path inclose—
Content the sunlight of thy smile to share.

No! I am jealous of all senseless things
That near and touch thee—of the fluttering wind,
That dallies round with fond, familiar wings,
And dares to kiss thine eyes and lift the tress
From thy blue temple; of the jewel blind
Upon thy bosom pillow'd, passionless.

And I could rend the flower that thou dost pluck,
And drink its odor with thy nostrils fine,
And taste its honey which the bee did suck.
Oh! I could kill thy sleek caressing hound
That feels thy hand, and blameless may entwine
Thy feet, whene'er he choose to bound.

For I would have thee, as the miser hoards
His idol gold, lock'd close with ponderous key,
In chest of brazen bands round ebon boards.
I could not rest until with sails unfurl'd
I bore my treasure o'er the secret sea,
To some oasis of the desert world.

Because I want thee ALL; and nothing less
Than thy *whole being* would my heart suffice—
Thee and thy love entire I must possess.
No jot withheld—no atom of thy love
Passing the sphere of adamantine ice,
Within whose vault we must in oneness move.

LIFE SCENES IN THE SOUTH.

A TRUE SHARK STORY.

SOME ten years ago I was traveling in the upper part of Georgia for the benefit of my health, ever precarious, but then infinitely more so than now. Broken down by disease and exhausted by fatigue and suffering, I was glad to reach a pleasant little village where I could rest for a few days and recruit my wasted energies. And right glad was I that it was my lot to sojourn for a brief season in so pleasant a locality; and little did I then dream that there, in the heart of the uplands and three hundred miles from the sea-coast, I would find material for a most thrilling shark story; or that I should, in after years, be the instrument of making public to the world the most unparalleled adventure ever recorded, and which no other man, Jonah excepted, ever had with any of the piscatorial tribe.

No sooner had I taken up my lodgings in the delightful little village of T—— than, to my gratification, I learned that an old friend of our family was the resident Episcopal minister; and that it was entirely through his instrumentality—his own liberal donations and personal efforts—that the beautiful little Gothic church, which I could see from my window, raised its tiny, but graceful spires to heaven, like the little uplifted hands of so many children, begging the Father of Mercies for blessings upon the town. Surely, I thought, God will not send his "fire and brimstone" upon a place thus honored by His temple; for if there had been found but ten men in Sodom to rear an altar or build a tabernacle God's vengeance would not have been hurled against "the cities of the plain;" he would have spared them for the sake of *the ten* who worshiped in His temple and offered incense upon His sacred altar.

I was thus musing and resolving in my own mind that I would not fail to call upon the reverend gentleman, when I received an invitation to come to see him *sans ceremonie*, as he was sick and could not leave the house without the consent of his physician. From various circumstances I had never seen Mr. J——, but was prepared to love him as an old friend. I found him lying upon a lounge in his study with a book in his hand, and his wife, a most estimable lady after the good old Virginia style, seated by his side and smiling happiness around her. He was then laboring under considerable fever, and had a distressing cough; insomuch that his physician expressed his fears to me that he would fall a victim to consumption. But he has recovered his health now, and is an active and a useful man.

Although sick with a fever, I found him full of humor, for he was no monk, and despised the asceticism of the religious recluse. I was not only greatly entertained for two or three days, but so much amused that I forgot for a while my own sufferings in laughing over his humorous narratives, his happy and original caricatures, his witty repartees. But there were times when the subjects of our conversation were of a graver character; when we spoke of the religious and political history of the past, the investigations and accomplishments of science, the wonderful progress in the arts, and the advancement of the present age in all the branches of human knowledge. It was then that, casting my eye around the little cabinet, I discovered some rare geological specimens together with some fossil remains; and among the latter collection I saw the upper and lower maxillaries of a huge shark, which had evidently very recently quitted its watery element. As I looked upon the keen serrated teeth set like the teeth of a saw, five or six rows in number, and each row finer and set in an opposite direction, I could not help exclaiming, "How easy for these sharp teeth to cut a man's body in twain! Perhaps, too, many a poor fellow has found his grave here!"

"Very likely!" said Mr. J——; "for his mate or first cousin came near cutting asunder the body of a very dear friend of mine!" He spoke seriously, and knowing him to be a man who could not jest about so solemn a subject as death, and that he was furthermore known to all men as a gentleman of strict veracity and unblemished integrity, I replied with a feeling of interest, "Indeed, Sir! you amaze me! how did that happen?"

"Pray draw a chair near me and I will relate to you a most remarkable adventure; one, too, which clearly proves that God's Providence is as plainly visible around us, and is daily manifested in the world as in the days of old when it led the children of Israel away from their enemies and out of all their difficulties, through 'a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night!' Oh, Sir, there is a vast deal of downright infidelity upon this subject, and it is very strange that men's eyes are so blinded that they can not see that the God of the Israelites is the God of the Christian; that the everlasting God is not dead, nor does his Providence ever slumber; but that his benevolent heart ever prompts him to fly to the rescue of his children whenever He sees them in trouble or distress! But I am not going to preach you a sermon on Providence, but to tell you a *true shark story*; not a *fiction*, but a fact! And lest you may suppose, Sir, that our sea-islanders are rather *fishy*, I will refer you to Mr. ——, upon whose integrity you may rely; for his word, like the law of the Medes and Persians, is never altered and unalterable in regard to truth.

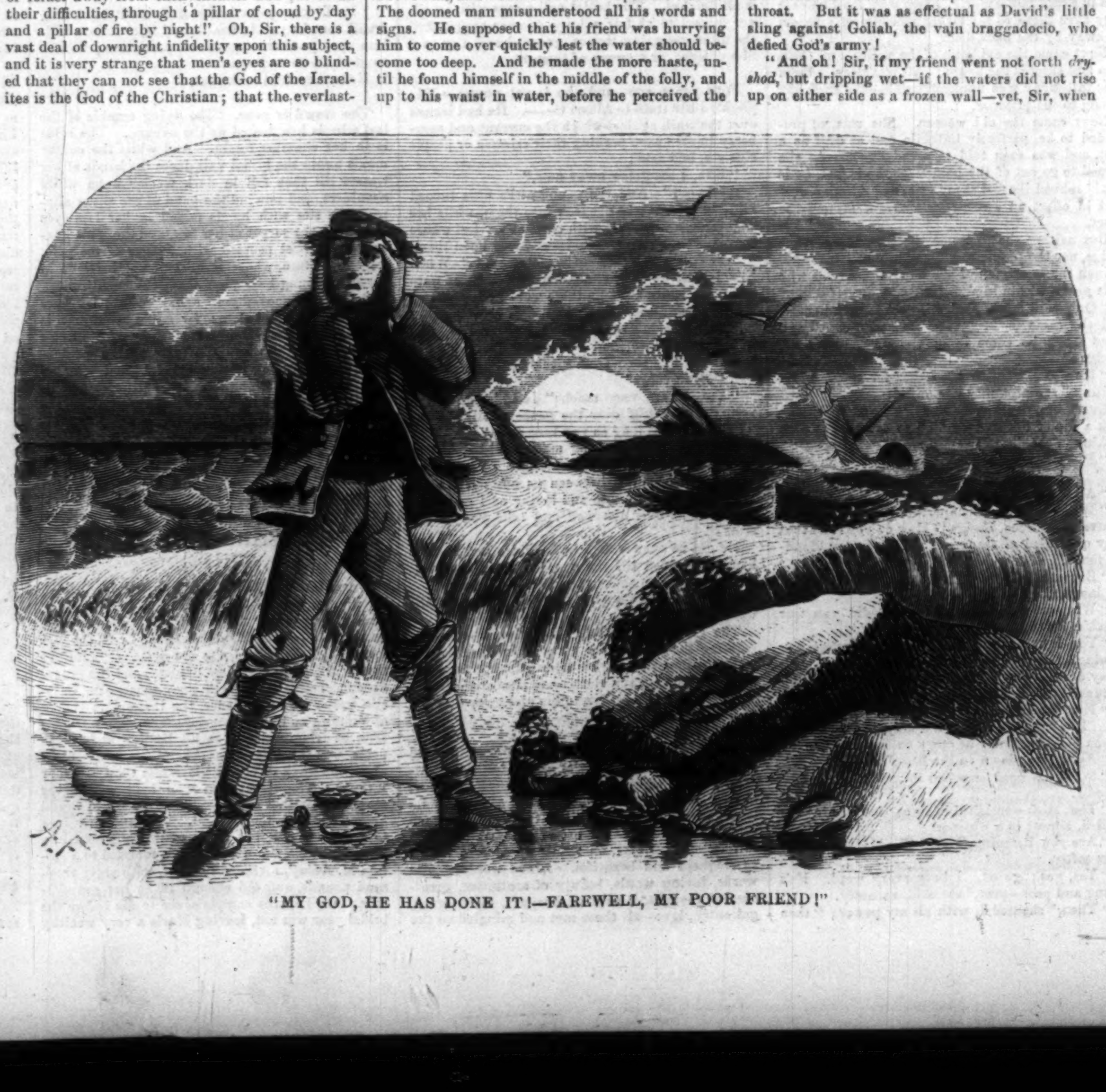
"It has been but a year or two ago," continued the reverend gentleman, "that two of my friends went out one afternoon for the purpose of striking, or '*graining*,' Sting-rays—a species of round flat-fish, like a plaice, but possessing a long tail, which is armed with a sharp, deadly sting, like the point of a bayonet, from three to four inches in length. Although their flesh is never eaten, yet are they frequently hunted in shallow water, for it requires a man of strength to hold them down; and of activity also, to avoid their sting, which has been known to produce lock-jaw and death in a few hours; and many a man has been tripped from his heels by the flounce of this singular animal, whose creation seems to have been designed simply to show the handiwork of God, and as food for sharks and other sea-monsters. The weapon which is used in their capture is a double or triple pronged instrument, armed with a barb like a fish-hook, to prevent its drawing out from the flesh of the sting-ray; and this trident, something after the fashion of old Neptune's, is attached to a handle five or six feet in length, so that it answers both as a bayonet and staff—to charge the enemy and assist the weary pilgrim on his way.

"Our two fishermen had been pursuing their sport for some time with perhaps doubtful success, when they came to a long and a wide frith (or arm of the sea), making up into the beach, which is usually very low, and in many places entirely dry at ebb-tide, but which at the flood and high tides is from three or four to eight or ten feet in depth. These friths, or bays, are called '*follys*' by our sea-islanders. Why this name has been given them I know not, unless from the fact, as the Spaniards would call them, they are '*un especie de red*'—a species of net; and as it is considered downright foolishness for any thing, whether man or beast, to enter into and be caught in a net, so also is it *folly* for mullet and other 'small fry' to go up into these friths, where they are sure to be caught by shark or the net of the fishermen. My two friends had proceeded up this folly, and then had crossed over to the other side at the ebb-tide, where the water was not more than from ankle to knee deep. Their game led them in different directions, so that they became widely separated; and when the flood was up they found themselves on opposite sides of the folly. The gentleman who had crossed over perceived a huge sea-shark passing slowly up the folly, intent on catching mullet. Perceiving that his friend was about to cross over, he hailed him to warn him of the presence of the monster; requesting him at the same time to return to the beach until he could bring the boat round and take him in. But although sound is usually heard to a great distance on the water, the surf was now rolling high upon the beach, and the wind had risen with the tide, so that his voice could not be heard. It was in vain that he shouted 'A shark! a shark! Wait till I can bring you the boat!' It was in vain that he waved his hand in the most excited manner, directing him to go back, for 'a shark was above him, and would soon return upon his tracks.' The doomed man misunderstood all his words and signs. He supposed that his friend was hurrying him to come over quickly lest the water should become too deep. And he made the more haste, until he found himself in the middle of the folly, and up to his waist in water, before he perceived the enemy. Now, however, it was too late to retreat, and he could not reach the opposite shore in time to escape the danger; for the shark had perceived him, and was coming down upon his victim. Slowly and leisurely, as the epicure who gloats in anticipation over his meal, did the sea-monster come! nearer, and yet nearer! Death seemed inevitable. There was no chance for escape. He must stand quietly and meet his fate! His hour was come! Adieu now to the friends of earth! Adieu to the wife of his bosom, and the children who had clustered like gems set around a father's heart! The man is doomed—doomed to be cut in two, just at the waist, by those six rows of sharp white teeth! 'O God! how horrible!' exclaimed his companion, as he saw the sea-monster turn upon his side and open his wide jaws to cut in twain the body of his beloved friend. 'Great God! he is lost!' and well may we imagine that his hair stood on end, and the cold sweat gushed in thick, clammy streams from every pore!

"But there stood his friend, in mortal peril, as no other man perhaps would have stood, unless God had held him up by His strong right hand; and if his heart hushed its drummings at the approach of Death, and stood still in the presence of the conqueror, his eye winked not, for it was fixed upon the keen, savage eyes of the monster. His left foot was advanced forward, and his right braced back. He held his weapon (the grains or gig) firmly in his hand, as a drowning man who grasps convulsively a straw; but it was drawn back with determination, as the soldier who prepares to thrust his bayonet into the approaching enemy. But his must be a bold spirit to entertain the least hope, thus feebly armed, against such a foe. For of what avail is such a weapon against so huge a monster as a sea-shark eighteen feet in length? 'Why, Sir, he will snap your shaft in two as a thread! He will swallow you, weapon and all! There! Oh, my God, he has done it! Just as I thought! Farewell, my poor friend!'

"There was a huge flounce—an awful splashing for a few moments—and the white spray was flung high in the air! The gentleman on shore closed his eyes, and, staggering back a few paces, uttered a deep groan. When he looked for the first time he saw no one. His friend was gone. Surely, thought he, he is dead. But there is no redness of the waters. Could he have been swallowed alive at one gulp? Horrible thought! No, no—there he is! He rises from the briny waters alive and well, but stunned and almost stupefied by the intensely-exciting contest in which he had been engaged. He is astonished, and wonders that he is alive. He looks around, expecting to see the shark still coming toward him and rolling upon his side. 'Where is he?' he cries, in amazement. His friend, with tears of joy streaming from his eyes, points with his hand toward the sea. They looked and saw in wonder. There went the monster, flying as an arrow from a well-strung bow out to his native sea, there to die, as a wounded kite, alone! And, as far as the eye could see, they beheld the shaft of the 'grains' or 'gig' sticking from his throat, and quivering in the air, from the rapidity of his motion, as the bare mast of a vessel whose sails have been rent into tatters and blown away by the storm! Oh, it was a wonderful Providence! and who can imagine the heartfelt gratitude which must have swelled almost to bursting the heart of the man thus rescued by the strong hand of Jehovah! For, although he saw it not, it was God's broad hand which held the shaft, and God's brawny arm which drove the frail weapon into the monster's throat. But it was as effectual as David's little sling against Goliah, the vain braggadocio, who defied God's army!

"And oh! Sir, if my friend went not forth *dry-shod*, but dripping wet—if the waters did not rise up on either side as a frozen wall—yet, Sir, when



"MY GOD, HE HAS DONE IT!—FAREWELL, MY POOR FRIEND!"

he reached the hard beach he could look back upon his still-retreating foe, and with tears of grateful joy his heart could hum the same song which Moses sung when he saw that God had overthrown his enemies in the deep waters. Surely God is great; and his ways are not as ours, and his Providence is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever!"

When the reverend gentleman ended his narrative I drew a long breath, and thanked him for the moral lesson it conveyed of the goodness and power of God.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Had Fortune decreed that I should be rich, I believe I would have been the most popular of men. There is such a natural kindness of disposition in me, blended with the most refined sense of discrimination. I love humanity in the aggregate, and, at the same time, with a rare delicacy of sentiment, I can follow through all the tortuous windings of the heart, and actually sympathize in emotions that I never experienced. No rank is too exalted, no lot too humble, for the exercise of my benevolence. I have sat in my arm-chair with a beating, throbbing heart, as I imagined the troubles of a king, and I have drunk my Bordeaux with tears of gratitude as I fancied myself a peasant with only water to slake his thirst. To a man of highly organized temperament, the privations themselves are not necessary to eliminate the feelings they would suggest. Coarser natures would require starvation to produce the sense of hunger, nakedness to cause that of cold, and so on; the gifted can be in rags while inclosed in a wadded dressing-gown; they can go supperless to bed after a meal of oysters and toasted cheese; they can, if they will, be fatally wounded as they sit over their wine, or cast away after shipwreck with their feet on the fender. Great privileges all these; happy is he who has them, happy are they amidst whom he tries to spread the blessings of his inheritance!

Amidst the many admirable traits which I recognize in myself—and of which I speak not boastfully, but gratefully, being accidents of my nature as far removed from my own agency as the color of my eyes or the shape of my nose—of these, I say, I know of none more striking than such as fit me to be a patron. I am graceful as a lover, touching as a friend, but I am really great as a protector.

Reveling in such sentiments as these, I stood at my window looking at the effect of moonlight on the Falls. It seemed to me as though in the grand spectacle before my eyes I beheld a sort of illustration of my own nature, wherein generous emotions could come gushing, foaming, and falling, and yet the source be never exhausted, the flood ever at full. I ought parenthetically to observe that the Champagne was excellent, and that I had drunk the third glass of the second bottle to the health of the Widow Cliquot herself. Thus standing and musing, I was startled by a noise behind me, and, turning round, I saw one of the smallest of men, in a little red Greek jacket and short yellow breeches, carefully engaged in spreading a small piece of carpet on the floor, a strip like a very diminutive hearth-rug. This done, he gave a little wild exclamation of "Ho!" and cut a somersault in the air, alighting on the flat of his back, which he announced by a like cry of "Ha!" He was up again, however, in an instant, and repeated the performance three times. He was about, as I judged by the arrangement of certain chairs, to proceed to other exercises equally diverting, when I stopped him by asking who he was.

"Your excellency," said he, drawing himself up to his full height of, say, four feet, "I am Väterchen!"

Every one knows what provoking things are certain chance resemblances, how disturbing to the right current of thought, how subverting to the free exercise of reason. Now this creature before me, in his deeply indented temples, high narrow forehead, aquiline nose, and resolute chin, was marvelously like a certain great field-marshal with whose features, notwithstanding the portraits of him, we are all familiar. It was not of the least use to me that I knew he was not the illustrious general, but simply a mountebank. There were the stern traits, haughty and defiant, and do what I would the thought of the great man would clash with the capers of the little one. Owing to this impression, it was impossible for me to address him without a certain sense of deference and respect.

"Will you not be seated?" said I, offering him a chair, and taking one myself. He accepted with all the quiet ease of good-breeding, and smiled courteously as I filled a glass and passed it toward him.

I pressed my hand across my eyes for a moment, while I reflected, and I muttered to myself,

"Oh, Potts, if instead of a tumbler this had really been the hero, what an evening might this be! Lives there that man in Europe so capable of feeling in all its intensity the glorious privilege of such a meeting? Who, like you, would listen to the wisdom distilling from those lips? Who would treasure up every trait of voice, accent, and manner, remembering not alone every anecdote, but every expression? Who, like you, could have gracefully led the conversation so as to range over the whole wide ocean of that great life, taking in battles, and sieges, and stormings, and congresses, and scenes of all that is most varied and exciting in existence? Would not the record of one such night, drawn by you, have been worth all the cold compilations and bleak biographies that ever were written? You would have presented him as he sat there in front of you." I opened my eyes to paint from the model, and there was the little dog, with his legs straight up on each side of his head and forming a sort of Gothic arch over his face. The wretch had done the feat to amuse me, and I almost fainted with horror as I saw it.

"Sit down, Sir," said I, in a voice of stern command. "You little know the misery you have caused me."

I refilled his glass and closed my eyes once more. In my old pharmaceutical experiences I had often made bread pills, and remembered well how, almost invariably, they had been deemed successful. What relief from pain to the agonized sufferer had they not given! What slumber to the sleepless! What appetite, what vigor, what excitement! Why should not the same treatment apply to morals as to medicine? Why, with faith to aid one, can not he induce every wished-for mood of mind and thought? The lay figure to support the drapery suffices for the artist, the Venus herself is in his brain. Now, if that little fellow there would neither cut capers nor speak, I ask no more of him. Let him sit firmly as he does now, staring me boldly in the face that way.

"Yes," said I, "lay your hand on the arm of your chair so, and let the other be clenched thus." And so I placed him. "Never utter a word, but nod to me at rare intervals."

He has since acknowledged that he believed me to be deranged; but as I seemed a harmless case, and he could rely on his activity for escape, he made no objection to my directions. The less, too, that he enjoyed his wine immensely, and was at liberty to drink as he pleased.

"Now," thought I, "one glance, only one, to see that he poses properly."

All right, nothing could be better. His face was turned slightly to one side, giving what the painters call action to the head, and he was perfect. I now resigned myself to the working of the spell, and already I felt its influence over me. Where and with what was I to begin? Numberless questions thronged to my mind. I wanted to know a thousand disputed things, and fully as many that were only disputed by myself. I felt that as such another opportunity would assuredly never present itself twice in my life, that the really great use of the occasion would be to make every inquiry subsidiary to my own case, to make all my investigations what Germans would call "Potts-wise." My intensest anxiety was then to ascertain if, like myself, his grace started in life with very grand aspirations.

"Did you feel, for instance, when playing practical jokes on the maids of honor in Dublin, some sixty odd years ago, that you were only in sportive vein throwing off so much light ballast to make room for the weightier material that was to steady you in the storm-tossed sea before you? Have you experienced the almost necessity of these little expansions of eccentricity as I have? Was there always in your heart, as a young man, as there is now in mine, a profound contempt for the opinions of your contemporaries? Did you continually find yourself repeating, 'Respice finem! Mark where I shall be yet?'" There was another investigation which touched me still more closely, but it was long before I could approach it. I saw all the difficulty and the delicacy of the inquiry, but with that same recklessness of consequences which would make me catch a queen by the back hair if I was drowning, I clutched at this discovery now, and, although trembling at my boldness, asked: "Was your grace ever afraid? I know the impertinence of the question, but if you only guessed how it concerns me, you'd forgive it. Nature has made me many things, but not courageous. Nothing on earth could induce me to risk life; the more I reason about it the greater grows my repugnance. Now, I would like to hear, is this what anatomists call congenital? Am I likely to grow out of it? Shall I ever be a dare-devil, intrepid, fire-eating sort of creature? How will the change come over me? Shall I feel it coming? Will it come from within, or through external agencies? and when it has arrived, what shall I become? Am I destined to drive the Zouaves into the sea by a bayonet charge of the North Cork Rifles, or shall I only be great in council, and take weekly trips in the *Fairy* to Cowes? I'd like to know this, and begin a course of preparation for my position, as I once knew of a militia captain who hardened himself for a campaign by sleeping every night with his head on the window-stool."

As I opened my eyes I saw the stern features in front of me. I thought the words, "I was never afraid, Sir!" rang through my brain till they filled every ventricle with their din.

"Not at Assaye?"

"No, Sir."

"Not at the Douro?"

"No, Sir."

"Not at Torres Vedras?"

"I tell you again, no, Sir!"

Whether I uttered this last with any uncommon degree of vehemence or not, I so frightened Väterchen that he cut a somersault clean over the chair, and stood grinning at me through the rails at the back of it. I motioned to him to be reseated, while, passing my hand across my brow, I waved away the bright illusions that beset me, and, with a heavy sigh, re-entered the dull world of reality.

"You are a clown," said I, meditatively. "What is a clown?"

He did not answer me in words, but, placing his hands on his knees, stared at me steadfastly, and then, having fixed my attention, his face performed a series of the most fearful contortions I ever beheld. With one horrible spasm he made his mouth appear to stretch from ear to ear; with another, his nose wagged from side to side; with a third, his eyebrows went up and down alternately, giving the different sides of his face two directly antagonistic expressions. I was shocked and horrified, and called to him to desist.

"And yet," thought I, "there are natures who can delight in these, and see in them matter for mirth and laughter!

"Old man," said I, gravely, "has it ever occurred to you that in this horrible commixture of expression, wherein grief wars with joy and sadness with levity, you are like one who, with a noble instrument before him, should, instead of sweet sounds of harmony, produce wild, unearthly discords, the jangling bursts of fiend-like voices?"

"The Tintenfleck can play indifferently well, your excellency," said he, humbly. "I never had any skill that way myself."

Oh, what a crassa natura was here! What a triple wall of dullness surrounds such dark intelligences!

"And where is the Tintenfleck? Why is she not here?" asked I, anxious to remove the discussion to a ground of more equality.

"She is without, your excellency. She did not dare to present herself till your excellency had desired, and is waiting in the corridor."

"Let her come in," said I, grandly; and I drew my chair to a distant corner of the room, so as to give them a wider area to appear in, while I could at the same time assume that attitude of splendid ease and graceful protection I have seen a prince accomplish on the stage at the moment the ballet is about to begin. The door opened, and Väterchen entered, leading Tintenfleck by the hand.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I was quite right—Tintenfleck's entrée was quite dramatic. She tripped into the room with a short step, nor arrested her run till she came close to me, when, with a deep courtesy, she bent down very low, and then, with a single spring backward, retreated almost to the door again. She was very pretty—dark enough to be a Moor, but with a rich brilliancy of skin never seen among that race, for she was a Calabrian; and as she stood there, with her arms crossed before her, and one leg firmly advanced, and with the foot—a very pretty foot—well planted, she was like—all the Italian peasants one has seen in the National Gallery for years back. There was the same look, half-defiant, half-shy; the same elevation of sentiment in the brow, and the same coarseness of the mouth; plenty of energy, enough and to spare of daring; but no timidity, no gentleness.

"What is she saying?" asked I of the old man, as I overheard a whisper pass between them. "Tell me what she has just said to you."

"It is nothing, your excellency—she is a fool."

"That she may be; but I insist on hearing what it was she said."

He seemed embarrassed and ashamed, and instead of replying to me, turned to address some words of reproach to the girl.

"I am waiting for your answer," said I, peremptorily.

"It is the saucy way she has gotten, your excellency, all from over-flattery; and now that she sees there is no audience here, none but your excellency, she is impatient to be off again. She'll never do any thing for us on the night of a thin house."

"Is this the truth, Tintenfleck?" asked I.

With a wild volubility, of which I could not gather a word, but every accent of which indicated passion, if not anger, she poured out something to the other, and then turned as if to leave the room. He interposed quickly, and spoke to her, at first angrily, but at last in a soothing and entreating tone, which seemed gradually to calm her.

"There is more in this than you have told, Väterchen," said I. "Let me know at once why she is impatient to get away."

"I would leave it to herself to tell your excellency," said he, with much confusion, "but that you could not understand her mountain dialect. The fact is," added he, after a great struggle with himself—"the fact is, she is offended at your calling her 'Tintenfleck.' She is satisfied to be so named among ourselves, where we all have similar nicknames; but that you, a great personage, high, and rich, and titled, should do so, wounds her deeply. Had you said—"

Here he whispered me in my ear, and almost inadvertently I repeated after him "Catinka."

"Si, si, Catinka," said she, while her eyes sparkled with an expression of wildest delight, and at the same instant she bounded forward and kissed my hand twice over.

I was glad to have made my peace, and placing a chair for her at the table, I filled out a glass of wine and presented it. She only shook her head in dissent, and pushed it away.

"She has odd ways in every thing," said the old man; "she never eats but bread and water. It is her notion that if she were to taste other food she'd lose her gift of fortune-telling."

"So, then, she reads destiny, too?" said I, in astonishment.

Before I could inquire further she swept her hands across the strings of her guitar and broke out into a little peasant song. It was very monotonous, but pleasing. Of course I knew nothing of the words nor the meaning, but it seemed as though one thought kept ever and anon recurring in the melody, and would continue to rise to the surface, like the air bubbles in a well. Satisfied apparently by the evidences of my approval, she had no sooner finished than she began another. This was somewhat more pretentious, and, from what I could gather, represented a parting scene between a lover and his mistress. There was, at least, a certain action in the song which intimated this. The fervent earnestness of the lover, his entreaties, his prayers, and at last his threatenings, were all given with effect, and there was actually good acting in the stolid defiance she opposed to all; she rejected his vows, refused his pledges, scorned his menaces; but when he had gone and left her, when she saw herself alone and desolate, then came out a gush of the most passionate sorrow, all the pent-up misery of a heart that seemed to burst with its weight of agony.

If I was in a measure entranced while she was singing, such was the tension of my nerves as I listened that I was heartily glad when it was over. As for her, she seemed so overcome by the emotion she had parodied that she bent her head down, covered her face with her hands, and sobbed twice or thrice convulsively.

I turned toward Väterchen to ask him some question, I forget what, but the little fellow had made such good use of the decanter beside him while the music went on that his cheeks were a bright crimson, and his little round eyes shone like coals of fire.

"This young creature should never have fallen among such as you!" said I, indignantly; "she has feeling and tenderness—the powers of expression she wields all evidence a great and gifted nature. She has, so to say, noble qualities."

"Noble, indeed!" croaked out the little wretch, with a voice hoarse from the strong Burgundy.

"She might, with proper culture, adorn a very different sphere," said I, angrily. "Many have climbed the ladder of life with humbler pretensions."

"Ay, and stand on one leg on top of it, playing the tambourine all the time," hiccoughed he in reply.

I did not fancy the way he carried out my figure, but went on with my reflections:

"Some, but they are few, achieve greatness at a bound—"

"That's what she does," broke he in. "Twelve hoops and a drum behind them, at one spring—she comes through like a flying-fish."

I don't know what angry rejoinder was on my lips to this speech, when there came a tap at my door. I arose at once and opened it. It was François, with a polite message from Mrs. Keates, to say how happy it would make her "if I felt well enough to join her and Miss Herbert at tea." For a second or two I knew not what to reply. That I was "well enough" François was sure to report, and in my flushed condition I was, perhaps, the picture of an exaggerated state of convalescence; so, after a moment's hesitation, I muttered out a blundering excuse on the plea of having a couple of friends with me, "who had chanced to be just passing through the town on their way to Italy."

I did not think François had time to report my answer, when I heard him again at the door. It was, with his mistress's compliments, to say she "would be charmed if I would induce my friends to accompany me."

I had to hold my hand on my side with laughter as I heard this message, so absurd was the proposition and so ridiculous seemed the notion of it. This, I say, was the first impression made upon my mind; and then, almost as suddenly, there came another and very different one. "What is the mission you have embraced, Potts?" asked I of myself. "If it have a but or an object, is it not to overthrow the mean and unjust prejudices, the miserable class distinctions, that separate the rich from the poor, the great from the humble, the gifted from the ignorant? Have you ever proposed to yourself a nobler conquest than over that vulgar tyranny by which prosperity lords it over humble fortune? Have you imagined a higher triumph than to make the man of purple and fine linen feel happy in the companionship of him in smock-frock and high-lows? Could you ask for a happier occasion to open the campaign than this? Mrs. Keates is an admirable representative of her class; she has all the rigid prejudices of her condition; her sympathies may rise, but they never fall; she can feel for the sorrows of the well-born, she has no concern for vulgar afflictions. How admirable the opportunity to show her that grace, and genius, and beauty are of all ranks! And Miss Herbert, too, what a test it will be of *her!* If she really have greatness of soul, if there be in her nature a spirit that rises above petty conventionalities and miserable ceremonials, she will take this young creature to her heart like a sister. I think I see them with arms entwined—two lovely flowers on one stalk—the dark crimson rose and the pale hyacinth! Oh, Potts! this would be a nobler victory to achieve than to rend battalions with grape, or ride down squadrons with the crash of cavalry.—I will come, François," said I. "Tell Mrs. Keates that she may expect us immediately." I took especial care in my dialogue to keep this prying fellow outside the room, and to interpose in every attempt that he made to obtain a peep within. In this I perfectly succeeded, and dismissed him without his being able to report any one circumstance about my two traveling friends.

My next task was to inform them of my intentions on their behalf; nor was this so easy as might be imagined; for Väterchen had indulged very freely with the wine, and all the mountains of Calabria lay between myself and Tintenfleck. With a great exercise of ingenuity, and more of patience, I did at last succeed in making known to the old fellow that a lady of the highest station and her friend were curious to see them. He only caught my meaning after some time, but when he had surmounted the difficulty, as though to show me how thoroughly he understood the request, and how nicely he appreciated its object, he began a series of face-contortions of the most dreadful kind, being a sort of programme of what he intended to exhibit to the distinguished company. I repressed this firmly, severely. I explained that an artist in all the relations of private life should be ever the gentleman; that the habits of the stage were no more necessary to carry into the world than the costume. I dilated upon the fact that John Kemble had been deemed fitting company by the First Gentleman of Europe; and that if his manner could have exposed him to a criticism, it was in, perhaps, a slight tendency to an over-reserve, a cold and almost stern dignity. I'm not sure Väterchen followed me completely, nor understood the anecdotes I introduced about Edmund Kean and Lord Byron, but I now addressed myself pictorially to Tintenfleck—pictorially, I say, for words were hopeless. I signified that a très grande dame was about to receive her. I arose with my skirts expanded in both hands, made a reverent courtesy, throwing my head well back, and looking every inch a duchess. But alas for my powers of representation! she burst into a hearty laugh, and had at last to lay her head on Väterchen's shoulder out of pure exhaustion.

"Explain to her what I have told you, Sir, and do not sit grinning at me there like a baboon," said I, in a severe voice.

I can not say how he acquitted himself, but I could gather that a very lively altercation ensued, and it seemed to me as though she resolutely refused to subject herself to any further ordeals of what academicians call a private view. No; she was ready for the ring and the saw-dust, and the drolleries of the men with chalk on their faces, but she would not accept high life on any terms. By degrees, and by arguments of his own ingenious devising, however, he did succeed, and at last she arose with a bound and cried out, "Eccomi!"

"Remember," said I to Väterchen, as we left the room, "I am doing that which few would have the courage to dare. It will depend upon the dignity of your conduct, the grace of your manners, the well-bred ease of your address, to make me feel proud of my intrepidity, or, sad and painful possibility! retire covered with ineffable shame and discomfiture. Do you comprehend me?"

"Perfectly," said he, standing erect, and giving even in his attitude a sort of bailbond for future dignity. "Lead on!"

This was more familiar than he had been yet; but I ascribed it to the tension of nerves strung to a high purpose, and rendering him thus inaccessible to other thoughts than of the enterprise before him.

As I neared the door of Mrs. Keates's apartment, I hesitated as to how I should enter. Ought I to precede my friends, and present them as they followed? Or would it seem more easy and more assured if I were to give my arm to Tintenfleck, leaving Väterchen to bring up the rear? After much deliberation, this appeared to be the better course, seeming to take for granted that, although some peculiarities of costume might ask for explanation later on, I was about to present a very eligible and charming addition to the company.

I am scarcely able to say whether I was or was not reassured by the mode in which she accepted the offer of my arm. At first the proposition appeared unintelligible, and she looked at me with one of those wide-eyed stares, as though to say, "What new gymnastic is this? What tour de force, of which I never heard before?" and then, with a sort of jerk, she threw my arm up in the air and made a pirouette under it of some half dozen whirls.

Half reprovingly I shook my head and offered her my hand. This she understood at once. She recognized such a mode of approach as legitimate and proper, and with an artistic shake of her drapery with the other hand and a confident smile she signified she was ready to go "on."

I was once on a time thrown over a horse's head into a slate quarry; a very considerable drop it was, and nearly fatal. On another occasion I was carried in a small boat over the fall of a salmon weir, and hurried along in the flood for almost three hundred yards. Each of these was a situation of excitement and peril, and with considerable confusion as the consequence; and yet I could deliberately recount you every passing phase of my terror, from my first fright down to my complete unconsciousness, with such small traits as would guarantee truthfulness; while of the scene upon which I now adventured I preserve nothing beyond the vaguest and most unconnected memory.

I remember my advance into the middle of the room. I have a recollection of a large silver tea-urn, and beyond it a lady in a turban; another with long ringlets there was. The urn made a noise like a small steamer, and there was a confusion of voices—about what, I can not tell—that increased the uproar, and we were all standing up and all talking together; and there was what seemed an angry discussion, and then the large turban and the ringlets swept haughtily past me. The turban said, "This is too much, Sir!" and ringlets added, "Far too much, Sir!" and as they reached the door there was Väterchen on his head, with a branch of candles between his feet to light them out, and Tintenfleck, screaming with laughter, threw himself into an arm-chair and clapped a most riotous applause.

I stood a moment almost transfixed, then dashed out of the room, hurried up stairs to my chamber, bolted the door, drew a great clothes-press against it for further security, and then threw myself upon my bed in one of those paroxysms of mad confusion in which a man can not say whether he is on the verge of inevitable ruin or has just been rescued from a dreadful fate. I would not, if even I could, recount all that I suffered that night. There was not a scene of open shame and disgrace that I did not picture to myself as incurring. I was every where in the stocks or the pillory. I wore a wooden placard on my breast, inscribed, "Potts, the Impostor." I was running at top speed before hooting and yelling crowds. I was standing with a circle of protecting policemen amidst a mob eager to tear me to pieces. I was sitting on a hard stool while my hair was being cropped à la Pentonville, and a gray suit lay ready for me when it was done. But enough of such a dreary record. I believe I cried myself to sleep at last, and so soundly, too, that it was very late in the afternoon ere I awoke. It was the sight of the barricade I had erected at my door gave me the clew to the past, and again I buried my face in my hands and wept bitterly.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Burnett's Kalliston,

For removing Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, Redness and Eruptions of the Skin, and for rendering the complexion clear and beautiful.

The following testimonial furnishes conclusive evidence of the efficacy of this famous cosmetic:—

MARLBORO', July 11, 1856.

Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co.:

GENTS:—The package of *Kalliston* came to hand last evening, and I am glad to have an opportunity to state to you how much we value it. My family have used it almost daily for more than two years, and now they think they can not do without it.

A single application has repeatedly removed the freckles from the face of my little boy, leaving his skin smooth and fair. And in all cases of sunburn or irritation of the skin, from whatever cause, it has thus far proved itself a perfect and very pleasant remedy.

I can, if you desire it, refer you to several cases of obstinate cutaneous disease, in which I know the *Kalliston* has had a wonderfully good effect; one in particular, the daughter of Mr. P——, one of my neighbors, had suffered for many years from eruptions and painful inflammation of the skin, (probably the effect of bad vaccine virus,) leaving it in several places puckered and quite red. A few weeks ago I recommended to him your *Kalliston;* he has since informed me that the effect of its use has been very marked and beneficial, that the skin has become soft and smooth, and the inflammation and redness has nearly disappeared. This is an important case, and I will tell you more about it when I see you.

I owe it to you to state that I did not believe in the efficacy of any cosmetic until I tried your *Kalliston*, and I cheerfully give my testimony in its favor.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN M. BOYD.

Prepared only by Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston.

Sold by dealers generally.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

American Express Company.

REMOVAL.

THE DOWN TOWN OFFICE OF THIS COMPANY has been removed from **64** to **124** BROADWAY, corner of Cedar Street. Expresses leave New York by Hudson River and Harlem trains for the entire West and Southwest at 7 A.M., 10 A.M., 11 A.M., 3.15 P.M., 5 P.M., and 6 P.M., closing at 124 Broadway half an hour earlier.

Special and extra arrangements made for the safe and speedy delivery of Holiday Presents.

WELLS, BUTTERFIELD & CO.,
Principal Office, 61 Hudson Street.
Branch Offices, 542 Broadway and 124 Broadway.

To the Trade.

Now Ready, the First Number of a Series of the

Five-Cent Novelettes,

Each Number complete in itself, containing from 64 to 80 pages.

The First Number will contain an

Original Revolutionary Story,
Entitled,
The Rebel Quakeress;
Or,
THE TORY GUARDIAN.

This New Series will each be complete in itself, and, if placed before the reading community, must not fail to reach a large circulation—to which it is entitled. Order from your respective Agents.

OKIE, DAYTON & JONES,
Wholesale Agents,
No. 29 Ann Street, corner Nassau.

For sale by
H. DEXTER & CO.,
ROSS & TOUSEY,
SAMUEL YATES,
HAMILTON, JOHNSON & FARRELLY,
JOHN F. FEEKS & CO.

Semmons & Co.,

Opticians,

No. 669½ Broadway, under the Lafarge House, N. Y.

BROWN'S
BRONCHIAL
TROCHES

Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Influenza, any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat, Relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh. Clear and give strength to the voice of

PUBLIC SPEAKERS and SINGERS.

Few are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "Common Cold" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon attacks the Lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches,*" containing demulcent ingredients, allay Pulmonary and Bronchial Irritation.

BROWN'S
TROCHES
BROWN'S
TROCHES
BROWN'S
TROCHES
BROWN'S
TROCHES
BROWN'S
TROCHES
BROWN'S
TROCHES
BROWN'S
TROCHES
BROWN'S
TROCHES
BROWN'S
TROCHES
BROWN'S
TROCHES

"That trouble in my Throat, (for which the "*Troches*" are a specific) having made me often a mere whisperer."
N. P. WILLIS.

"I recommend their use to PUBLIC SPEAKERS."
REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

"Great service in subduing HOARSENESS."
REV. DANIEL WISE.

"Almost instant relief in the distressing labor of breathing peculiar to ASTHMA."
REV. A. C. EGGLESTON.

"Contain no Opium or any thing injurious."
DR. A. A. HAYES,
Chemist, Boston.

"A simple and pleasant combination for COUGHS, &c."
DR. G. F. BIGELOW,
Boston.

"Beneficial in BRONCHITIS."
DR. J. F. W. LANE,
Boston.

"I have proved them excellent for WHOOPING COUGH."
REV. H. W. WARREN,
Boston.

"Beneficial when compelled to speak, suffering from COLD."
REV. S. J. P. ANDERSON,
St. Louis.

"EFFECTUAL in removing Hoarseness and Irritation of the Throat, so common with SPEAKERS and SINGERS."
Prof. M. STACY JOHNSON,
La Grange, Ga.,
Teacher of Music, Southern Female College.

"Great benefit when taken before and after preaching, as they prevent Hoarseness. From their past effect, I think they will be of permanent advantage to me."
REV. E. ROWLEY, A. M.,
President of Athens College, Tenn.

☞ Sold by all Druggists at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOX. ☜

Concentrated Leaven

For making

Bread, Tea Cakes,

All Kinds of Pastry, &c.,

MANUFACTURED BY

EDW. CHAMBERLIN & CO.,

Proprietors of Shawmut Chemical Works,

NO. 33 INDIA ST., BOSTON.

Concentrated Leaven

Is the result of careful chemical research. BREAD of all kinds, made by using it, is light, more digestible and nutritious, has an agreeable natural taste, is less liable to sour, will retain its moisture longer than by any other process, and the whole preparation for the oven need not exceed ten minutes.

See Directions in each Package for making Breakfast and Tea Rolls—Loaf Bread—Brown Bread—Buckwheat Cakes—Sponge Cake—Corn Cake—Cup Cake—Ladies' Cake—Webster Cake—Muffins—Apple Pudding—Highland Cake—Graham Bread—Boston Brown Bread—Dumplings—Chambers Street Cake—Sponge Cake—Jumbles—Election Cake—Soft Sugar Ginger Bread—Hard Sugar Ginger Bread—Silver Cake—Doughnuts—Butter Pudding—Jonny Cake—Gold Cake—Japanese Cake—Union Cake—and every variety of Pastry.

For sale by Wm. Gulager & Bro., 59 North Front St., Philadelphia; Wm. H. Crawford & Co., 62 South Street, Baltimore; and by all the principal druggists and grocers.

GEORGE H. BATES, Wholesale Agent,
No. 189 Pearl Street, New York.

Premature Loss of the Hair,

Which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine.* It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

SORE CORNS and BUNIONS are really CURED by the use of SWISS CORN PLASTER. For sale by E. DUPUY, Druggist, No. 609 Broadway.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is incontrovertibly the best known remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and incipient Consumption, as well as every disease affecting the Throat, Chest, and Lungs. SETH W. FOWLE & Co., *Proprietors, Boston.* Sold by Druggists and Agents everywhere.

PHOTOCHROMATIC OIL PAINTINGS.

AGENTS WANTED to introduce this beautiful art. Young men are making over $50 a month in this business. Terms and Specimens sent FREE, by addressing,
L. L. TODD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

Wedding Cards, Notes, &c.—All the new styles elegantly engraved at Everdell's Old Wedding Card Depot, 302 Broadway. See the new Envelopes, Satin Tie, &c. Specimens sent by mail to all parts of the country.

60 VALUABLE Recipes, Arts, Discoveries, &c., and a Book Catalogue, all sent free to any person. Address M. M. SANBORN,
Brasher Falls, N. Y.

NOW READY.

An Important Work, which, having been for several years in progress, is completed at an opportune time. It is the

Life of Andrew Jackson.

By James Parton,

Author of "Life of Aaron Burr," etc.

Three Volumes, 636 to 734 pages each, With Steel Portaits.

PRICES.

CROWN OCTAVO EDITION.—Cloth Binding, $5; Sheep, $6 75; Half Calf, $9; Full Calf, $12.

SUBSCRIBERS' EDITION, Royal Octavo (*Sold by Subscription only*).—Cloth, $7 50; Sheep, $9; Half Calf, $12; Full Calf, $15 00.

In his own lifetime, Andrew Jackson was the most popular of American citizens. Since his death, there is but one name more endeared than his to the masses of the people. His fame, to use the language of Henry Clay, the greatest of his opponents, is part of the moral property of the nation.

The life of General Jackson was crowded with events. The whole of his career was peculiar, extraordinary, interesting, beyond that of any American of his time. His virtues and his failings, his good actions and his bad actions, all alike bear the stamp of his strong individuality. At the same time, he was the great REPRESENTATIVE MAN of the Great West, as the Great West was in his day—impulsive, irascible, brave, generous, and patriotic—prompt with word and deed for his country—a warm friend—a terrible enemy.

The influence of Andrew Jackson upon the fortunes and the character of the United States was powerful. Besides adding to the glory of his country's arms, and giving her an immortal lesson in the art of self-defense, he changed the character of parties, and altered the course of political events. He touched nothing which he did not radically change. He fought nothing which he did not defeat. He opposed nothing which he did not annihilate. No man could resist his invincible will, or stand the shock of his overwhelming popularity.

To this hour his influence is felt and seen in the character of the government. No one can understand the politics of to-day who does not know much of the nature and career of Andrew Jackson, and comprehend what he did and what he destroyed, as the head of the party which has ruled the country, with little interruption, since the day on which he assumed the presidential chair, thirty years ago.

Especially at this time, when the questions of nullification and secession are again considered, the history of Jackson's administration is of peculiar interest.

Mr. Parton has been several years engaged in the preparation of this work, and has bestowed upon it the most careful research and investigation. The first volume of the Subscribers' Edition was issued a year since; the second was published last spring; and the third and last is now completed. Of the first and second volumes, the press have spoken in the warmest commendation.

Mr. Parton's characteristic merits are, says the *Southern Field and Fireside*, "A capacity for exhaustive research and lucid synthesis, combined with the liveliest fancy, and most genial, captivating humor. He infuses into details intrinsically dull the fire of his own vivacity, and to events of importance and anecdotes entertaining in themselves, he adds a new force and significance. The genius of the *raconteur* united to a discriminating judgment; the power at once to generalize ably and to combine judiciously; unfaltering industry, scholarly taste, and, to crown the whole, a spirit of courageous impartiality—these are the high and unusual endowments brought by Mr. Parton to the preparation of his great work."

This LIFE OF JACKSON "possesses a degree of interest which can scarcely be overstated," says the *New York World.* An opinion which the *New York Journal of Commerce*, one of the most conservative of periodicals, fully indorses; for it pronounces it "A Life indeed, and before which the conventional and common-place biographies of modern times sink into stupidity and insignificance. If we should write all we think concerning the merits of this first volume, we fear we should run the risk of being accused of imprudent enthusiasm." Of the the second volume, the same journal says, that it even "surpasses the first in interest, as well as in the picturesque vigor of its style."

"One of the most readable of books. Every page is *alive.* It is as romantic as a mediæval romance, and yet has the advantage of being true."—*Home Journal.* "A fresher, livelier account was never written of any hero by any author."—*Boston Advertiser.* "Of the biography of Jackson there will be but one opinion in the present as in the future. . . . . . That it will be one of our standard historical books is indisputable."—*Boston Gazette.* "A volume of intense and permanent interest.—*New York Observer.* "Mr. Parton is doing his work with an impartiality, copiousness, and fidelity, and fascination of narration which will make it at once popular with the general reader, and satisfactory to the political student. The subject is full of romantic and picturesque incidents. . . . . . The narrative is flowing and charming. We confess having read the whole (one volume) in two prolonged sittings."—*Harper's Weekly.*

"Of the character of the work, and the manner in which the author has executed his difficult and laborious task, but one opinion has been expressed, and that is most emphatic and enthusiastic commendation."—*New Haven Patriot.*

Published by
MASON BROTHERS,
5 and 7 Mercer Street N. Y.

HOLCOMBE'S POEMS.

POEMS. By WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE, M.D., of Louisiana. Crown 8vo, 360 pages, Cloth, $1 50.

This volume is issued in the best style, on tinted paper, and has been received with much favor.

The volume shows "A delicate sense of ideal beauty, a wide sympathy with man and nature, and a susceptibility to tender emotion."—*N. Y. Century.*

"There are many beautiful 'flowers of poesy' in Dr. Holcombe's volume."—*Boston Post.*

"The poetry is good, and the theology is fused and flows through it, set sometimes to a very sweet and heavenly music."—*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

"He sings sweetly and tenderly, is a man of generous heart and cultivated mind, breathing a healthy and genial love of the beautiful."—*Georgia Republic.*

"Seldom have we seen a book of poems that has struck us so favorably as this."—*New Church Herald.*

MASON BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
5 and 7 Mercer Street, New York.

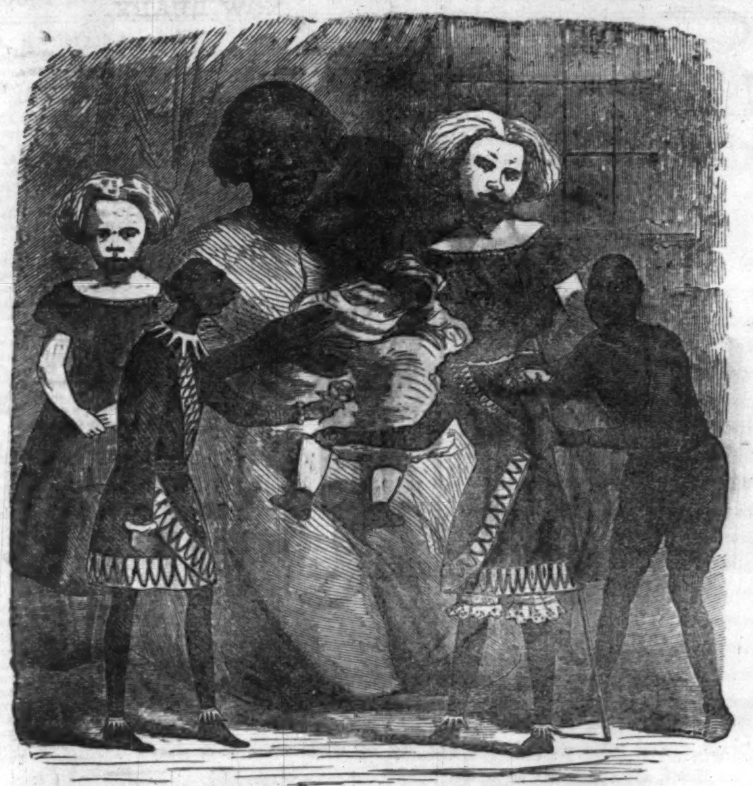
Fashions! Fashions! Fashions!

PARIS FASHIONS for LADIES' DRESS.
PARIS FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN'S DRESS.
PARIS FASHIONS FOR CLOAKS.
PARIS FASHIONS FOR BONNETS.

Mme. DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED QUARTERLY REPORT of all the LATEST PARIS and NEW YORK FASHIONS, 40 Engravings, invaluable to the trade, dressmakers, and ladies generally, now ready and for sale at all the branches and the news-depots. Price 5 cents; yearly, 15 cents. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of 6 cents.

Yearly subscription to Harper's Weekly and Mme. Demorest's Report, at $2 00; Harper's Magazine and Mme. Demorest's Report, at $2 50; Godey's Book and Mme. Demorest's Report, at $2 50.

Address Mme. DEMOREST, 473 Broadway, New York.



Living Curiosities at Barnum's Museum.

Since Mr. P. T. BARNUM re-purchased the Museum last Spring, it has become more than ever a popular place of resort for Ladies, Children and Families, and the energies of this world-renowned "Prince of Showmen," seem to increase in a corresponding ratio with his patronage. Our artist has sketched the above from a host of other curiosities now on exhibition in the Museum at all hours, day and evening.

The two centre figures in the foreground of the above cut represent the celebrated AZTEC CHILDREN, found in one of the long lost cities of Central America. It will be observed that their cast of features, and very small heads, bear a striking resemblance to the sculpture found in those cities by Stephens and other travelers, which fact seems to indicate that the race of men to which they belong were the original type of these sculptures.

The figure on the right represents a creature, found in the wilds of Africa, and is supposed to be a mixture of the wild native African and the Orang Outang, a kind of Man-Monkey, but for want of a positive name is called "WHAT IS IT?" The two WHITE FIGURES represent two ALBINO GIRLS, and the black ones their black mother and sister. These Girls, though of black parentage, are a PURE WHITE, WITH WHITE WOOL AND PINK EYES, but with every other feature and characteristic of the real African. No one can look upon them without feeling the conviction that they are beyond all doubt WHITE NEGROES. All these extraordinary living wonders are on exhibition at

Barnum's American Museum,

in this city, where everything novel and curious is sure to be found. In addition to the above, the Museum presents a combination of wonders and curiosities, unequaled in any part of the world. The GRAND AQUARIA alone constitutes an attraction which well repays a visit. Here, in miniature Oceans, are to be found almost every variety of living Fish and other aquatic animals disporting in their native element, from a noble specimen of a living Seal, down to the tiny Stickleback, which builds its nest on the rocks and in the weeds. The HAPPY FAMILY, consists of beasts and birds of opposite natures, as Dogs, Cats, Rats, Hawks, Chickens, Pigeons, &c., &c.; all living in peace and harmony, and the whole made amusing and interesting by a number of lively and playful Monkeys, which always keep spectators in capital humor by their inimitable sports. A monster den of mammoth Serpents, 30 in number, has just been added to the

850,000 Other Interesting Curiosities

contained in this wonderful Museum. How so much can be afforded for the low price of twenty-five cents admission is only explained by the fact that an average of nearly four thousand persons visit the Museum daily; on holidays the number of visitors frequently exceeds twenty thousand.

Phinney, Blakeman & Mason,

No. 61 Walker Street, N. Y.,

Have just Published;

Martin's Natural History.

With 262 beautifully colored Illustrations.

Being a Translation of the celebrated German Work by Martin, adapted to the American Market, with many important additions and emendations.

First Series—480 pages, 12mo............$1 50.

Martin's Natural History,

SECOND SERIES, UNIFORM WITH THE FIRST, *will be ready Dec. 15th.*

These volumes will be, in all respects, the most tasteful, instructive, and entertaining books of the kind ever published in America.

The India Rubber Home Gymnasium; Or, Chest Expanders,

Something amusing as well as beneficial. They should be in every FAMILY. PARENTS get them for your CHILDREN. INVALIDS use them; they will do you more good than medicine. In fact, everybody should use them. They will expand your Chest, develop your MUSCLE, and PROLONG YOUR LIFE. Try them. No. 1, 50 cents; 2, 75 cents; 3, $1 00; 4, $1 50; 5, $2 00.

The above will be sent to any address on the receipt of the price. O. B. GRAY, Dealer in all kinds of Rubber Goods, 175 Broadway, N. Y. A liberal discount to the trade.

Harper & Brother's Books.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
AND
HARPER'S WEEKLY

Can be had at Publisher's prices, of HUNT & MINER, Wholesale and Retail Booksellers, Stationers, and Newsdealers, 71 and 73 Fifth Street, next to the Post Office, Pittsburg, Pa.

CHAPPED HANDS, FACE, LIPS, &c.

CERTAIN CURE AND PREVENTIVE,

Hegeman & Co.'s Camphor Ice with Glycerine. If used as directed, will keep the skin soft in the coldest weather. Only 25 cents. Sent by mail for 30 cents.

HEGEMAN & CO., Chemists and Druggists,
Nos. 161, 399, 511, and 756 Broadway.

WESLEYAN SACRED HARP.

A Collection of CHOICE TUNES AND HYMNS.

For Prayer, Class, and Camp Meetings, Choirs, and Congregational Singing. By Rev. W. MCDONALD and S. HUBBARD. 50 cents. Mailed, post-paid. Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

Spasmodic Asthma.

The most severe cases of this dreadful complaint have been cured by a few doses of *Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma*, and in no instance has it failed to give immediate relief. Prepared only by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston. For sale by all Druggists at $1 00 per bottle.

No Chimney; No Wick. No Soot; No Smoke.

Callender's CARBO-AIR GAS LAMP, unsurpassed for burning all Coal Oils, &c., without a chimney. On receipt of $3, we will send a sample Lamp to any address; or will send it by Express, collect on delivery, purchaser to pay charges. Liberal terms made with *exclusive* agents. Enclose a stamp and send for Circulars. Address

CALLENDER & PERCE,
Dealers in Oils and Lamps,
175 Broadway and 2 Cortland Street, New York.

Davis Collamore & Co.,

Are now offering a large stock of

Japanese Goods,

Wicker Cups, Boxes, Trays, &c., &c.
Pretty for Presents.

— Bronzes —

Some good Figures at low prices.

Engraved Glass!

In great variety of style, with

Crest or Initial,

Wedgewood — Parian, &c., &c.

Plated Goods

At *reduced prices*, on account of giving up that part of our business.

479 *Broadway*, below Broome Street.

N. B.—Good Gold Band French China Tea Sets, $7.

USEFUL AND ECONOMICAL.—HEGEMAN & CO.'S Benzine, for the instant removal of grease spots, paints, &c., &c., and for cleaning gloves, silks, ribbons, &c., equal to new, without injury to color or fabric. Sold by druggists; only 25 cents per bottle. See that you get the genuine article.

Medical Common Sense.

DR. E. B. FOOTE, the celebrated Physician and Electrician, and author of "Medical Common Sense," of Saratoga Springs, is effecting almost miracles in the treatment of Chronic Diseases of the Lungs, Liver, Heart, Stomach, &c., at his Winter office, No. 546 Broadway, N. Y. Call, or send, and get his pamphlet, entitled, "EVIDENCES OF DR. FOOTE'S MEDICAL SUCCESS," which he is pleased to give to all who are interested. Office hours from 1 to 6 P.M. daily, except Sundays.

BACK NUMBERS and BOUND VOLUMES of HARPER'S WEEKLY and MONTHLY MAGAZINE can always be had of
A. WINCH, 320 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

The

Saturday Evening Post

Another and More Splendid Engraving!

Two Large and Valuable Works AS PREMIUMS!

Splendid Stories!

Instructive Sketches!

Solid Information!

In laying their Prospectus again before the public, the Proprietors of "THE OLDEST AND BEST OF THE WEEKLIES" need enter upon no long array of promises. They may simply state, that they design making THE POST for the future what it has been for the past, a repository alike of delightful amusement and equally entertaining instruction. Interesting Stories and Choice Sketches by

The Best Writers,

will always be found in THE POST. Our Stories for the last year have been generally acknowledged to be of the most interesting character; and we design not to allow any falling off in this respect—though any improvement is hardly possible. But THE POST also aims to instruct. It contains weekly

An Agricultural Department,
Choice Receipts,
Domestic and Foreign News,
The Markets and Bank Note List,
Letter from Paris,
Miscellaneous Information, &c.

But to see exactly what THE POST is, write for A SAMPLE NUMBER, which will be sent gratis to any one desirous of subscribing for a weekly paper. By the following list of terms you will see that THE POST is not only the *BEST*, but the *CHEAPEST OF THE WEEKLIES!* and that we offer

Splendid Premiums to Subscribers!

OUR ENGRAVING PREMIUM—A MAGNIFICENT PICTURE.—Our Engraving Premium this year is the celebrated Steel Plate Engraving of

"A Merry Making in the Olden Time."

This Engraving was first issued by the LONDON ART UNION. It is 36 inches long by 24 inches wide—contains from 30 to 40 figures, and is one of the handsomest Engravings now before the American and British public. The publisher's price for it (sold by canvassers) is five Dollars.

OUR BOOK PREMIUMS.—These are two; LIPPINCOTT'S FAMOUS PRONOUNCING GAZETTEER AND GEOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF THE WORLD, and the equally famous WEBSTER'S NEW PICTORIAL QUARTO DICTIONARY. Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer and Geographical Dictionary of the World is a work that no man or family should be without. It is a large volume of 2,182 closely printed pages, and contains an IMMENSE MASS OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE. You have in it the most recent and authentic information respecting nearly 100,000 places—countries, islands, rivers, mountains, cities, towns, &c., in every portion of the Globe. Of Webster's New Pictorial Quarto Dictionary, containing 1,500 Wood Cuts, but little need be said—its value being apparent to all. *No family should be without it.*

TERMS OF THE POST.

Single copy,		$2 00	a year.
2	copies,	3 00	"
1	copy of the Post and Arthur's Magazine,	3 00	"
4	copies,	5 00	"
8	"	10 00	"
13	"	15 00	"
20	"	20 00	"

To the getter-up of a club of 8, or either of the larger clubs, we send a copy *gratis*.

The Post and our Premium Engraving.

For one copy of "THE POST" yearly and one of the Magnificent Engraving, "A MERRY MAKING IN THE OLDEN TIME," $5 00

For a club of *thirty* copies of THE POST, and *Thirty* Dollars, we will send as a PREMIUM the Magnificent Engraving, "A MERRY MAKING IN THE OLDEN TIME," *gratis*.

For a club of *forty* and *Forty* Dollars, we will send the Engraving, and a copy extra of THE POST also.

☞ Any member of a club can have the Engraving sent to him on the payment of Three Dollars extra.

The Post and our Book Premiums.

We will send one copy of THE POST, for one year, and give a copy of either the Dictionary or the Gazetteer, for Six Dollars.

Or, on the receipt of five new subscribers, and Ten Dollars, WE WILL GIVE EITHER OF THE ABOVE WORKS AS A PREMIUM.

Or, on the receipt of ten new subscribers and Fifteen Dollars—$1 50 apiece—WE WILL GIVE EITHER OF THE WORKS AS A PREMIUM.

Or, on the receipt of *sixteen* new subscribers, and *Twenty* Dollars—$1 25 apiece—WE WILL GIVE EITHER OF THE WORKS AS A PREMIUM.

The price of these works in the stores varies from $6 to $6 50 apiece.

Or we will give a copy of the ENGRAVING as a PREMIUM in the place of either of the Books.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

UNEQUALED for the multiplicity and splendor of its illustrations.

Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible,

Volume I., price, $2 50; now ready.

To be obtained from agents only, one of whom will be appointed for every district throughout the Union.

CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN,
No. 37 Park Row, N. Y.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,

Nature's True Restorative.

The best, safest, and purest tonic and alterative ever prepared. It is recommended by the leading medical authorities, and is highly approved by all who have tried it. *Delicate ladies find it a perfect restorative;* and persons who lead a sedentary life will find their nervous and general system strengthened and improved by its use.

$100 PER MONTH made with Stencil Tools. I sell the cheapest and best. Send for my Circular before purchasing elsewhere. Address
JOHN MILLIKEN, Lawrence, Mass.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS OF BOTH SEXES. A Retired Gentleman having been restored to health in a few days after many years of Great Nervous Suffering, is willing to assist others by sending (free), on the receipt of a post-paid directed Envelope, a copy of the prescription used. Address, JOHN M. DAGNALL, 186 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT.—Great Curiosity,
FUN IN THE FAMILY.

Magic Cases, with *Secret Drawer*; also, *Magic Cigar Cases.* Sent for 12 red stamps. Agents wanted by
J. C. WILLIAMS, Lock-box, 388 Providence, R. I.

A CARD.—W. JACKSON, No. 551 BROADWAY, has constantly on hand every article desirable for Family Mourning. Particular attention is called to our stock of Bombazines, Bonnets, Cloaks, Veils, and Embroideries.

The Working Farmer,

A large Agricultural Monthly Magazine,
AND
Harper's Weekly,
For $2 40 a year.

Both Papers for less than the Subscription Price of One.

The Working Farmer

Is Edited by PROF. J. J. MAPES, assisted by a Corps of Gentlemen who are practically engaged in conducting the several departments upon which they write.

VOL. 13 COMMENCES WITH JAN. 1ST, 1861.

Specimen copies sent free on application.

Remit subscription to

CHAS. V. MAPES,
126 and 128 Nassau, and 11 Beekman Street,
New York.

Recent Publications of the American Sunday-School Union:

THE SPRING BONNET; or, Quite Ready. A narrative founded on fact. 32mo, cloth. 8 cents.

THE TWO LITTLE ORIOLES; or, Music in the Heart, and how to make it. 18mo, cloth, with frontispiece. Price 25 cents.

WHAT THE TREES TAUGHT THE LITTLE GIRL. 18mo, cloth, with frontispiece and engraved title-page. Price 12 cents.

LITTLE MARY'S THREE HOMES. 18mo, cloth, with beautiful frontispiece and engraved title-page—12 cents.

REST FOR THE WEARY; or, the Story of Hannah Lee. 18mo, cloth, with numerous illustrations. 35 cents.

LITTLE ERNEST; or, the Land Beyond the River. 18mo, cloth, with frontispiece and engraved title-page. Price 12 cents.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, from this world to that which is to come. Delivered under the similitude of a Dream. By John Bunyan. 358 pages, 12mo, cloth, with thirteen full page illustrations. Price 75 cents.

CURIOUS EYES. 18mo, cloth, with original frontispiece and engraved title-page. Price 12 cents.

PALISSY, THE HUGUENOT POTTER. A True Tale. 16mo, cloth, illustrated. Price 50 cents.

MIRIAM'S REWARD. 36 pp. 18mo, cloth, with original frontispiece and engraved title-page. Price 12 cts.

THE WORD OF LIFE. By W. B. Mackenzie. 16mo, cloth. Price 40 cents.

FAITHFUL RUTH. A Story of Bethlehem. 18mo, cloth, beautifully illustrated. Price 25 cents.

MADDIE AND LOLLY. 18mo, cloth, with original frontispiece and engraved title-page. Price 12 cents.

GLEANINGS FROM GOSPEL STORY; or, New Testament narratives explained and illustrated. With a Preface by Rev. W. B. Mackenzie, M.A. 18mo, cloth, illustrated. Price 30 cents.

LITTLE ALLICE'S PALACE; or, The Sunny Heart. 18mo, cloth, with an original frontispiece and engraved title. Price 12 cents.

THE LAST SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON REMEMBERED; or, The Story of Harriet Russell. 18mo, cloth. Price 25 cents.

The above are beautifully and strongly bound, in extra muslin. Many of them are elegantly illustrated. They may be obtained at the Depositories of the Society's publications, and from booksellers generally. Full catalogues of the Society's publications, also samples of its periodicals will be sent, on application, free of charge.

To those not living within reach of a bookseller, any book on the catalogue will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of the published price.

Apply to,

The American Sunday-School Union,

No. 1122 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
No. 599 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
No. 141 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

☞ 5000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell 5 new inventions—one very recent, and of great value to families. ALL pay great profits to Agents. Send four stamps and get 80 pages particulars.
EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

JOHN T. BENSON,
Importer and Manufacturer of
CLOAKS, MANTLES,
and FURS,
310 Canal Street, N. Y., opposite Mercer.

MUSICAL BOXES,

Playing 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16, 24, and 36 tunes.
PAILLARD & MARTIN, Importers,
Musical boxes repaired. 21 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MITCHELL'S SILVER OIL

For Sewing Machines.

CARLE & STRONG, Agents, 153 Water Street, N. Y.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars sent free—Agents wanted. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

SEND FOR SPECIMEN OF

Clark's School Visitor,

AN Illustrated Day School Paper for Teachers and Pupils everywhere. Address
DAUGHADAY & HAMMOND,
411 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Finkle & Lyon Sewing Machine Co.

All Machines warranted to give better satisfaction than any in market or money refunded.

Offices 538 Broadway, N. Y., and 299 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS.

A. Munroe & Co., 24 and 26 Camp Street, New Orleans, La.
Howard Huggins, 92 4th Street, St. Louis, Mo.
E. E. Huggins, 4th Street, Cincinnati, O.
B. McKay, 269 Main Street, Milwaukee, Wis.
Agents wanted.